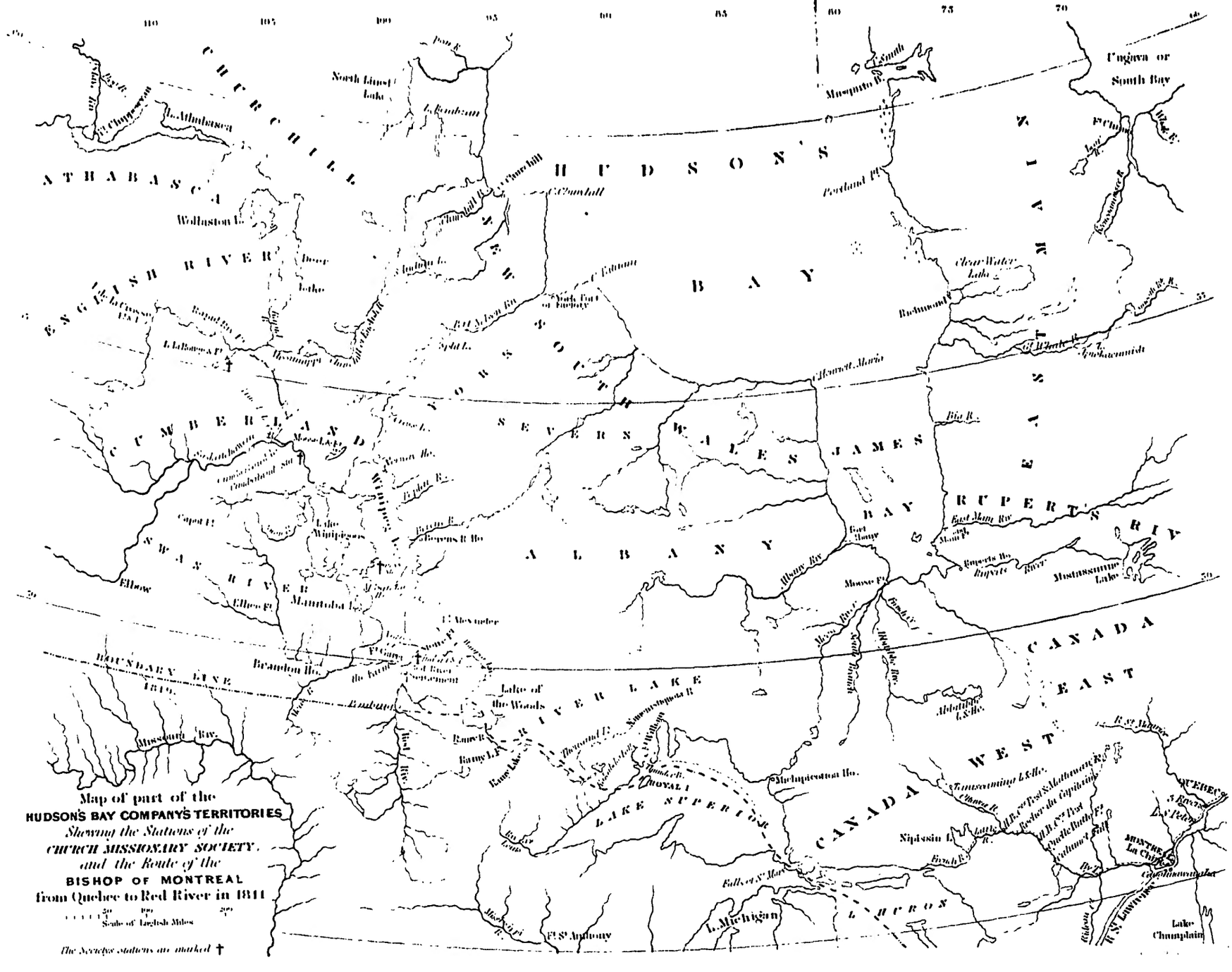
From C. L. Fackett

to E. Clarke with the kind
best wishes Nov 28 1851

THE

RAINBOW IN THE NORTH.

LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.


Map of part of the
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORIES
Shewing the Stations of the
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
and the Route of the
BISHOP OF MONTREAL
from Quebec to Red River in 1811
Scale of English Miles
The Newspaper stations are marked †
HUDSON'S BAY
ATHABASCA
CHURCHILL
ENGLISH RIVER
CUMBERLAND
SEVERN
ALBANY
JAMES BAY
RUPERT'S RIV
NELSON RIVER
BOUNDARY LINE
RED RIVER
LAKE SUPERIOR
CANADA WEST
CANADA EAST
Ungava or South Bay
Lake Athabasca
Wollaston L.
Lake Winnipeg
Manitoba L.
Brandon Ho.
Lake of the Woods
Moose Fort
Albany Fort
Mistassinnie Lake
Michipicoten Ho.
Nipissing L.
Lake Michigan
L. Huron
Lake Champlain
Quebec
Montreal
Missouri Riv.

THE

RAINBOW IN THE NORTH

LONDON JAMES NISBET AND CO

THE

Rainbow in the North:

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE

FIRST ESTABLISHMENT OF CHRISTIANITY
IN RUPERT'S LAND

BY THE

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

By S. TUCKER,

AUTHOR OF "SOUTH INDIAN SKETCHES."

LONDON:
JAMES NISBET AND CO. 21 BERNERS STREET.

M.DCCC.LI.

PREFACE.

THIS little volume was undertaken from the twofold conviction that, while the interest felt in Missionary work must very much depend on a knowledge of its details, the length of time that has elapsed since the commencement of many of our Missions renders their early history almost inaccessible to general readers.

It is now sent out to bear, however feebly, another testimony to the power, love, and faithfulness of our God, and "to the praise of the glory of His grace who hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

And the writer will have abundant cause for gratitude if it shall please Him to bless it, in any degree, to the stirring up of the lukewarm, to the encouragement of the faint-hearted, or to the increased thankfulness of the long-tried friends of Missions.

Hampstead, April 1851.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

APPENDIX.

Chiefs in the Interior of North-west America.

The Rainbow in the North.

CHAPTER I.

RUPERT'S LAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.

"Without hope and without God in the world."—*Eph.* ii. 12.

WHO is there among us that has not watched with interest the evening rainbow, when, after a black and stormy day, the setting sun gleams out and paints the distant shower with tints of varied light? Swiftly and silently the bright vision steals across the sky, till the bow of heaven stands out complete in all its radiant loveliness; making, it is true, the surrounding gloom appear still more gloomy, but giving promise of fairer and brighter days to come.

Surely there can scarcely be a more fitting emblem of missionary work in a heathen land. When the first missionaries begin their course, all is dark and cheerless, and for a time every step they take serves only to make the darkness appear more impenetrable and the prospect more discouraging.

But in His own good time, the Sun of Righteousness shines forth, His quickening rays touch the dark mass of heathenism, and light and beauty gradually appear.

He owns the persevering labours of His faithful servants, a little band of sincere believers stand out more and more distinct from the heathen round them; and faith rejoices in the earnest of that glorious day when nations shall walk in the light of the New Jerusalem.

To no mission, perhaps, can this emblem be more truly applied than to that among the North American Indians: no people were ever enveloped in a thicker darkness, and in no spot has the light been reflected in more vivid hues. And though the colours must lose much of their brilliancy and beauty while being transferred from the original journals to the present pages, yet we hope that this attempt to trace the progress of heavenly light may lead our minds more deeply to consider the degradation of man in his unconverted state, and to magnify the power of the grace of God.

Every missionary field presents, of course, its own peculiar features, and requires, in some respects, its own peculiar cultivation; but the mission we are now considering is, in many ways, so very different from any other, that, in order to understand its special difficulties and encouragements, we must enter somewhat at large into the previous state of the country.

An impenetrable mystery still hangs over the early history of all the nations of America: *when* that vast continent was first peopled, *how*, or from *whence* its first inhabitants reached it from the older countries, are matters of only vague conjecture.

With regard to the northern part, we only know that when first visited by European adventurers, it was found to be peopled, by nations of wild uncivilised men, who from the copper colour of their skin received the appellation of Red Indians.

As fresh bands of settlers from Europe arrived from time to time, these rightful owners of the soil began to melt away before the white man; and though even now a few diminished tribes remain scattered here and there in Canada and the United States,* yet many other tribes became extinct, and the mass of the people were gradually driven back into the immense tract of country on the north and north-west of the white man's settlements.

Here they still remain, roaming free and uncontrolled, but enduring all the miseries and privations inseparable from a state of barbarism. They are divided into tribes, each with its respective chief, and each, as it would seem, with a wide range of country, considered as its own, for hunting or for fishing; and are again subdivided into smaller bands under the guidance of inferior chiefs.

On the east of the Rocky Mountains they have neither town, nor village, nor farm, nor field. Seed-time and harvest are unknown to them, nor have they even, like the Bedouins of the Eastern deserts, flocks or herds to supply their wants.

They live by hunting, shooting, and fishing; and their food varies, both in kind and quantity, according to their success. Sometimes the flesh of the buffalo or the deer furnishes them with abundance; sometimes a flight of partridges or a flock of wild geese supplies their wants; and at others they find support from the lakes and rivers. Very often they are for days together without any food but the berries they may chance to

* It was among these that those devoted men, Elliott and Brainerd, laboured, and were blessed in their labours.

meet with in the woods; and there is many a fearful tale on record of children and friends having been sacrificed to appease the hunger of their parents or companions.

This great uncertainty, however, in their supplies arises very much from their deeply-rooted habits of improvidence; the present moment is all that an Indian thinks of; the memory of past suffering or dread of the future never seems to occur to his mind. When he has plenty, he eats to excess, lies down and sleeps, or sits and smokes his pipe, till the cravings of hunger drive him again to the plains, or woods, or rivers.*

They are a singularly wandering race, and their habitations are suited to their habits. Notwithstanding the severity of their winters—far beyond anything we can realise in England—they have no other shelter than a miserable tent, or wigwam, made by driving a few poles into the ground, and hanging over them the skins of animals roughly sewn together, or sometimes only long strips of the thick soft bark of the birch-tree. A small opening is left at the top for as much smoke as chooses to find its way there from a fire of logs in the centre, while the remainder fills, and helps to warm, the tent. The only article of furniture is an iron pot for cooking their meat, and their only implements are a knife, a gun, a war-club, and some bows and arrows. Occasionally, in summer, a fluctuating party of two or three hundred families may be found congregated together for a few weeks or months on the bank of some lake or river where the fish are plentiful, but except on these occa-

* Occasionally, but very seldom, the women dry the flesh of the buffalo, and preserve it for future use.

sions there are seldom more than two or three tents ever seen together, and generally they roam about in single families. When they have remained a few days in one spot, and exhausted its resources of food, they take off the covering of their tent, roll it up, and, placing it either in their canoe or on the shoulders of their wives, set off for some new abode.

The dress, and indeed the whole deportment, of the North-west American Indian, differs greatly, according to their locality. The appearance of those among them who border on either the English or American population is miserable in the extreme. Some will be clothed in dirty, ragged blankets; others in still dirtier dresses of worn and tattered hareskins;* while others will be seen with no other covering than a cloth round their waist. Those who are better off will have, perhaps, a leathern jacket, with a cleaner blanket over it, their faces painted black, with circles of vermilion round their eyes, and their long, black hair adorned with brass thimbles, which they have purchased from some neighbouring trader.

The appearance of the tribes in the interior is more manly and independent, and their clothing much more substantial and comfortable. Some of their chiefs even display a kind of savage magnificence in their attire; their leathern jackets are often worked with porcupine quills and hair of the moose deer, dyed of various colours; and their robes and caps of fur are sometimes very handsome. But with that strange propensity to imitate the inferior creatures, they not only ornament their head-dress with feathers, but often fasten into it

* See Bishop of Montreal's Journal, p. 32.

the ears or horns of some animal. The hair of the women is kept short, but the men encourage theirs to grow: it often is so long, that it reaches to their feet, and sometimes trails upon the ground.* They divide it into tresses confined by bands of quill-work; and when the natural hair does not grow long enough to suit the fancy of the owner, he often glues on false locks under these convenient bands. That portion of their hair which grows at the top of the head is called the scalp-lock, and is prized above all the rest. This scalp-lock is the favourite trophy in Indian warfare: and when a warrior has slain his enemy, or made him prisoner, the scalping-knife is always at hand to cut off the flesh of the upper part of the forehead and head. As may be supposed, it is a dreadfully painful operation; but the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty; and the scalp-lock of the sufferer is made into fringes for the sleeves and robe of the conqueror.

In speaking of the dress of the Indians, we must not omit their neatly-made leggings and mocassins, of soft deer-leather, often very prettily ornamented with quill-work, "and fitting," we are told, "as tightly as a lady's glove."†

It will readily be supposed, that the cultivation of their minds forms no part of the employment of these sons of the forest and the prairie: they are entirely ignorant of every art and science, though the poetical eloquence of some of the impassioned addresses of the chiefs, the skill shown in the work of the mocassins, and in the rude, yet spirited, attempts at sculpture

* Reversing what we are told in 1 Cor. xi. 14, 15, is the natural order.

† "Hudson's Bay," by R. W. Ballantyne. Blackwood and Sons.

occasionally seen on rocks, show that they are not deficient in natural talent.

The education of the boys consists merely in training them to the management of their horse, and to the use of the bow, the gun, or the war-club. Their first essays in the art of destruction are against the beautiful butterflies or humming-birds that flutter round them, or on the grasshoppers beneath their feet. By degrees, they are suffered to engage with nobler enemies, till they are thought worthy to accompany their fathers to hunt the deer and buffalo, or to a savage conflict with their enemies.

The most valuable articles of an Indian's property are his horse and his canoe. The former he obtains from the plains, which in many parts abound with them, they are small, but very fleet and strong; and an Indian is never so happy as when, with his bow and quiver slung upon his shoulder, and a shield of buffalo skin upon his arm, he mounts his impatient steed to dart upon his enemies, or to plunge into a flying herd of buffaloes, and send his unerring arrow to the heart of his selected victim. His canoe is made of birch bark, lined with extremely thin flakes of wood, with some light timbers to give strength and tightness to the fabric. In this frail bark, generally from twelve to fifteen feet in length, a whole Indian family will travel hundreds of miles, through rivers and lakes innumerable—now floating swiftly down a foaming rapid, and anon gliding across a quiet lake; or when a waterfall or dangerous rapid impedes its progress, it is so light as to be carried on one man's shoulder along the "portage."

Their religion seems to consist in a vague idea of a Supreme Being, whom they call "the Great Spirit," or

"the Master of Life," and a scarcely less vague belief in inferior spirits of evil, to whom they sometimes offer sacrifices, and of whom images have occasionally been found; but they have no temple or place of worship even of the simplest description.

There is among them an universally received tradition of the deluge, though mixed with the wildest fables. They have some idea of a future state, where the evil are condemned to dwell in perpetual ice, and the good are admitted to a land where the hunting-grounds are always good, where the sun for ever shines, the trees are always green, and where there is an endless succession of feasting, dancing, and rejoicing.

There is one very remarkable custom, evidently connected with their religious ideas, which, though abandoned by the tribes on the frontier, is still observed by those in the interior. It is, that every man must have a "mystery* bag," to which he pays the greatest homage, and to which he looks for guidance and protection through life. This mystery bag is often actually worshipped; feasts are made in its honour, horses and dogs are sacrificed to it; and when it is supposed to have been offended, days and weeks of fasting and mortification are undergone in order to appease it. It consists of the skin of some particular animal; sometimes it is a musk rat, a beaver, an otter, or even a wolf, or, it may be, a snake, or a toad, or a mouse, or a sparrow.

The manner in which this indispensable possession is obtained is as follows:—When a boy is fourteen or fif-

* Or, as it is often called, a "*medicine* bag." The Indians connect the art of healing with that of divination and mystery, and having borrowed the term "médecin" from the French Canadians, they apply it to everything mysterious.

teen years of age, he leaves his father's tent and wanders into some secluded spot in the woods, where he throws himself on the ground, and remains in that position for three or four, or even five days, without food, crying to the "Great Spirit." When at last he suffers himself to fall asleep, the first animal he dreams of is, he believes, the one appointed for him by this mysterious being. He returns to his father's tent, takes some food, and sallies forth to procure the required animal. When he has succeeded, he dresses the skin, ornaments it according to his fancy, and carries it with him through life as his strength in battle, and in death as his guardian spirit who is to conduct him to the beautiful hunting-grounds in the world to come. He values it above all price, never can be induced to sell it, and should he lose it in battle, can never replace it except by seizing on one belonging to an enemy, whom he must slay with his own hand.

The being who exercises the greatest influence over the minds of the Indians is the conjurer, or "medicine-man," who, uniting in himself the offices of oracle and physician, turns the superstitions and sufferings of his countrymen to his own profit.

These poor people consider all diseases to be occasioned by an evil spirit, sent into the afflicted person by some other conjurer, at the instigation of a secret enemy. This spirit is to be expelled by incantations, drumming, and the use of certain herbs; if the sick man recovers, it is considered as a victory of his own conjurer over the supposed enemy; or if he dies, it is of course attributed to the superior power of the adversary.

It is not only in times of sickness that the "medicine man" is consulted; his advice is sought for on all occa-

sions of importance, either of a public or private nature; he guides the decisions of the tribe as to war or peace, and directs his inquirers to the best places for hunting or for fishing.

When called upon to exercise their art, these impostors dress themselves up in the most frightful and absurd manner. We read of one who covered himself with the skin of a bear, the head serving for a mask, and the huge claws dangling from his wrists and ankles, the skin itself being also adorned with those of frogs, bats, and snakes. In one hand he held his frightful rattle, the sound of which, continuing as it often does, through night and day, and associated, as it must needs be, with the degradation and superstition of which it is the token, is described as one of the most depressing sounds imaginable; and in the other he brandished his magic spear, jumping, dancing, yelling, and growling, as if he were possessed by an evil spirit. And these men are the religious guides of these poor people!

The Indian possesses great control over the expression of his feelings; whatever be his sufferings, his eye is always bright, his cheek retains its colour, while his power of endurance is almost beyond belief. The heart sickens at the tortures borne with unflinching courage by prisoners taken in battle; while those voluntarily undergone by the young men of a tribe to appease some evil spirit, or to prove themselves worthy of being warriors, are scarcely less appalling. One of the latter resembles the hook-swinging of the Hindoos, though attended with far greater agony; but the various kinds of these self-inflicted sufferings are too numerous and too frightful to be dwelt upon.

The Indian, as he still roams in his native plains and

forests, rarely trodden by a white man's foot, is, it is true, less degenerate than his brethren of the border; and there is, among them all, a bravery and noble independence, and an intense love for their tribe and kindred, and especially for their children, that excite one's interest; but on the whole they are sunk to almost the lowest point in the scale of humanity: haughty, vindictive, cruel, and blood-thirsty, unable to appreciate either moral or intellectual excellence; indolent, improvident, and selfish beyond conception, without hope and without God in the world.

Thus low was their state when first visited by Europeans, but a still deeper degradation awaited those among them who, when the territory was claimed as British territory, came in contact with so-called British Christians.

It was in the year 1669 that King Charles II. granted a charter to Prince Rupert and some other persons associated with him, empowering them to undertake an expedition to Hudson's Bay, in North-west America, for the purpose of discovering a new passage to the South Seas, and for various other objects: and securing to the Company the exclusive right of trading in furs, minerals, or any other productions of the country.

This right at first extended only to those countries watered by the rivers that fall into Hudson's Bay, and which are comprehended under the general name of Prince Rupert's Land; but as the Company increased in wealth and influence, their power also increased, till now their territories extend from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific, and from within the Arctic Circle to the northern boundary of Canada and the United States.

Throughout this vast region, east of the Rocky Moun-

tains, there is, as we have already said, with the exception of the Red River Colony, which will form the subject of the succeeding chapters, neither town nor village, nor any work of civilised man, save the scattered stations of the Company (called forts), established here and there for the purpose of carrying on the fur trade with the Indians of the neighbourhood, of which the principal one is York Fort, on the western shore of the Bay. But what these forts are, and how little they can affect the general state or appearance of the country, will be better understood by the following extract from a work by one of their own servants.*

"Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundreds of miles long, and many hundreds broad, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains; and all in a state of primeval simplicity, undefaced by the axe of civilising man, and untenanted by aught save some roving hordes of Red Indians, and myriads of wild animals.† Imagine, amid this wilderness, a number of small squares, each enclosing half a dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men; and between any two of these establishments a space of forest, or of plains, from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, and of the number and distance between the forts. It is as if in the whole of England and Scotland there were three hamlets, one in the north of Scotland, one in the south-east coast of England, and the third at the Land's End, with altogether a population of thirty men, six or seven women, and a few children."

We will not attempt to follow out the sad tale of sin and suffering that ensued upon the planting of these various forts; we will only observe, that as the servants

* 'Hudson's Bay," by R. M. Ballantyne. Blackwood and Sons.

† Chiefly buffaloes, deer, and wolves, besides a multitude of the smaller animals, whose skins furnish materials for the fur trade.

of the Company were generally young men of enterprise and adventure, without any fixed religious principles, removed so far from those early friends whose influence might have restrained them, and left without any outward means of grace, we can hardly wonder at their falling into habits and courses of sin, from which, under other circumstances, they might have been preserved. Nor was the evil confined to the Europeans, for instead of shining as lights among their heathen neighbours, they led them into depths of thicker moral darkness.

The Indians near the forts were used like slaves; intoxication and other sins spread rapidly among them; and disease and increasing misery followed in their train: an eye-witness writes—

"The Indians are sunk to almost the lowest state of degradation to which human beings can be brought; their life is spent in struggles for its support, and they pass on from infancy to death without comfort, without hope in this life, while no bright gleam of future hope enlightens their dark and cheerless path, for no one has ever told them of a Redeemer's love."

But besides the ungodly Europeans and the heathen Indians, a new race had sprung up round each of the Company's posts; the children and descendants of European fathers and Indian mothers. These neglected "half-breeds" generally added the heathenism of their mothers to the irreligion and immorality of their fathers; and, as they grew to manhood, in most cases returned to the wild habits of their Indian relations.

This state of things was not much improved by a colony formed on the Red River, in 1811, by Lord Selkirk, who invited persons from Europe (especially from Scotland) and from Canada to settle on the spot, and which was gradually increased by the retired servants of

the Company also taking up their abode there. The Canadians were French Roman Catholics, and were occasionally visited by a priest; but for the so-called Protestant portion of the colony, no means of grace were provided. It was in 1815, one hundred and forty-five years after the country was taken possession of by England, that Major Semple, Governor of York Fort, when speaking of the desolation occasioned by a fierce struggle between the Hudson's Bay and the North-West Companies, in which he afterwards lost his life, thus writes of the Red River Colony:—

"I have trodden the burnt ruins of houses, barns, a mill, a fort, and sharpened stockades, but none of a place of worship, even on the smallest scale. I blush to say that throughout the whole extent of the Hudson's Bay territories no such building exists."

Could any prospect be more gloomy, or the state of any people, whether we look at the Indians, the Europeans, or the half-breeds, more dismal? Yet even here GOD was preparing a way for the manifestation of His grace; and in the next chapter we shall hope to trace the first faint tints of the cheering Rainbow

Mr West taking leave of the Indians at Beaver Creek before stepping into his Canoe

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!"—*Is.* lii. 7.

It was in the autumn of the year 1820 that a little boat of birch-rind might have been seen to leave York Fort, on the western side of Hudson's Bay, and after coasting for a while along the shore, enter one of the rivers that flow from the interior.

There was nothing in this circumstance to attract the attention of a casual observer—similar boats were continually arriving at, and departing from, the fort during the few bright months of summer and early autumn; this canoe was, as usual, manned by natives, and, as was frequently the case, an European gentleman was sitting at the stern.

But if any of God's own people had seen that boat depart, they would have watched it with the warmest hope and joy; and, as it gradually lessened to the view, and soon was hidden from their sight by some projecting headland, earnest prayer would have gone up that God would speed that little vessel on its course, and give His abundant blessing on its object. It was bound for the Red River Settlement, and was conveying to that distant spot the first messenger of the glad tidings of salvation that had ever visited these neglected regions.

The attention of the Hudson's Bay Company in London had for some time before been drawn to the sad state of this settlement, and they had endeavoured to promote education among the people. But the plan had met with very little success, and they now, in conjunction with the Church Missionary Society, resolved to send out a chaplain, or rather a missionary, in the hope of benefiting them.

The Rev. John West was appointed to this work; he arrived at York Fort in the end of August 1820, and it was his boat that on September 3d might have been seen to leave York Fort, and soon after to enter Port Nelson River.

The Indian canoe, which has been already described, is the only vessel that can be used in this country, where the rivers are so often obstructed by rapids, cataracts, or shallows, that more substantial craft would be useless. Frail as they are, therefore, all the voyages are made in them, and they are the only means for conveying goods and stores to the inland posts.

Mr. West's course up the river was a tedious one; not only had the boat to make its way against the stream, but it was often brought to a stand by what is called a "portage," or carrying-place, that is, by a cataract or rapid, where the men are obliged to land, unload the boat, and carry both it and its contents on their shoulders along the banks, sometimes for five or six miles, over broken rocks, or through deep and miry swamps, till they come to smoother water again.

At night the party landed, lighted a fire of logs of pine to warm themselves and dress their food; and Mr. West, wrapping himself in his blanket, laid down to sleep on branches of the pine.

September in that country is as cold as January in England, and some of the boatmen, finding how unaccustomed he was to the severity of the climate, used kindly to make a sort of rude tent to shelter him. They themselves slept without any shelter, except that in rainy weather they would creep under the canoe, which was always drawn ashore and inverted for the night.

We must not omit to mention the care that was taken every night to examine this fragile vessel, and to ascertain whether the birch-rind had been injured by sharp rocks or any other obstacle. A keg of resin and some spare pieces of bark are always taken on these occasions to spread over the seams, or to repair any more serious injury.

In Mr. West's progress up the river he passed Oxford House, one of the Company's posts, and in about a month after he left York Fort he came to another station called Norway House, on the north-east shore of Lake Winnipeg; or, as it might be more aptly called, the Sea of Winnipeg, for this large sheet of water is not less than 300 miles in length and 50 in breadth.

The voyage from Norway House was much more rapid and agreeable than it had been up the river. The little sail was hoisted, and as the boat glided along the unruffled surface of the lake, or danced over its blue waves, Mr. West was able to enjoy the varied scenery of its shores, and the picturesque islands that adorned its bosom.

There might now be seen sitting by his side two young Indian boys, dirty, half-clad, and uncivilised. One had been intrusted to him at York Fort by his father; the other was given to him at Norway House. They knew but little of English, and nothing of God, but Mr.

West was endeavouring to lead their minds to Him, and teaching them to pray; and the simple prayer, "Great Father, bless me through Jesus Christ our Lord," was often heard in broken accents from their lips.

On October the 13th the party entered the Red River, and two days more brought them to the settlement.

Mr. West had suffered much during this voyage of 800 miles; for six weeks he had passed the whole day, from sunrise to sunset, in an open boat, exposed to every change of weather, his limbs cramped by want of space, and benumbed by the wintry air; but the spirit that glowed within his breast was not to be quenched by difficulties; and though it was Saturday afternoon when he arrived at the settlement, he would not lose one precious opportunity, but gave notice of Divine service on the following day.

The population at Red River consisted at this time (besides the Roman Catholic Canadians) of between 500 and 600 Scotch and English settlers, a large number of half-breeds, and some native Indians, none of whom had access to any means of grace, unless, as was very rarely the case, any of the Europeans happened to have brought a Bible with them from their fatherland.

Mr. West was much encouraged by finding on Sunday the large room at the Fort crowded, and the people very attentive to the prayers and to the sermon; and he commenced his labours full of hope.

To many among the congregation the words of our beautiful Liturgy fell on the ear and heart as a long-forgotten strain, bringing back many a thought of former days and long-lost privileges, perhaps unappreciated at the time; but to the greater part of the assembly both the prayers and the preaching were a new and unknown

sound; for never before had the glad tidings of the Gospel been heard in that colony.

This first setting forth the message of salvation produced much emotion among the people; and though some of this afterwards proved to be like the early dew that passeth away, yet to many the word of truth proclaimed on this and on succeeding Sundays proved a savour of life unto life. One of the settlers in particular spoke of the first Sunday that he had attended Mr. West's ministry as the happiest day in his life, as it restored to him the blessings of public worship, of which he had been deprived for the last thirty years.

Mr. West found full employment among the Europeans and half-breeds; many of the former he prevailed upon to marry, and among the latter, he baptized the very few who were at all prepared, instructed those who were willing to be taught, and established a school under Mr. Garbage, in which he was much encouraged by the progress of the children. But his heart especially yearned towards the native Indians, and the thought of their sad condition weighed heavily on his mind. His own appointed sphere of work reached 300 or 400 miles into the interior; but his thoughts and desires stretched far beyond, and he mourned in spirit as he remembered, that from the Atlantic to the Pacific, no Protestant missionary had ever been sent, no word of salvation had ever sounded.

The Canadian Roman Catholic priests had attempted to do something among those tribes, by joining themselves to them, and conforming to their savage life; but the attempt failed, and except that the shores of the Pacific have since been visited by the American missionaries, these Indians still remain in their heathen

state, unthought of and uncared for by any Protestant church. There were, however, a considerable number of these children of the forest within Mr. West's own appointed limit; and an expedition he made early in the next year to two of the Company's posts (Brandon House and Beaver Creek) gave him an opportunity of seeing something of them in their own plains and forests.

He set out in the beginning of January (1821), in a sort of sledge called a cariole, the only carriage that can be used in that part of the country; it was drawn by dogs, and our readers will be surprised to hear that when the track is good and the wind favourable, these faithful, docile creatures will carry a person eighty miles in the twenty-four hours. Mr. West's route lay across hills and plains of frozen snow, unenlivened by the sight of a cultivated field, an European dwelling, or even an Indian wigwam. The only living beings that broke the stillness of the snowy scene were occasional herds of buffaloes, with their enemies the wolves following in their track to seize upon the weary or the wounded. He travelled the whole day, and as night approached his attendants sought for a spot well supplied with trees, where they lighted their fires, and hanging their guns on the branches, prepared their evening meal. The whole party then spread their blankets on the frozen snow, and after amply replenishing their blazing fires, covered themselves with cloaks of buffalo skin, and lay down till morning.

On one of these nights they were aroused by the barking of their dogs, but found it was only a herd of buffaloes that were travelling past. Another night they were alarmed by hearing the drums of a hostile tribe of In-

dians, apparently very near them. They extinguished their fires and watched till morning, fearing an attack: but this danger also was mercifully averted; and excepting on these two occasions, their only nightly disturbance was the howling of the wolves around them in search of prey. The cold, however, was intense, the thermometer sometimes being forty degrees below zero during the latter part of the night.

Mr. West was absent about a month; he visited the two outposts above mentioned, and had many opportunities of speaking to the very few Europeans and half-breeds that were residing there. He had also some interesting intercourse with some of the Indians; but though he was listened to both by Indians and Europeans with attention and interest, the general impression made on his mind during this journey is thus painfully expressed. Speaking of the occasional magnificence of the sunrise, he says,—

"The heavens do indeed declare the glory of God, and day unto day uttereth speech; but in this wilderness the voice of God is not heard among the heathen, and His name is scarcely known among the Europeans, except to be profaned."

In this journey Mr. West travelled between 500 and 600 miles, and returning to Red River early in February, resumed his work there with increasing ardour.

The plan which suggested itself to him as the most hopeful, with regard to the Indians, was the formation of an establishment for native boys, where they might not only be instructed in the first rudiments of general knowledge, and be taught the way of eternal life, but where they might gradually become accustomed to agriculture, and might learn some of the simpler usages of civilised life.

To this plan, however, the wild and wandering habits of the Indians presented formidable obstacles. Not only would it be difficult to induce the boys to remain long enough in one place to gain much profit, but he knew that these Red men of the woods despised any one who could not hunt, and fish, and shoot, and it would therefore be necessary that these lads should be permitted, while at school, to retain some of their native habits.

On the other hand, there was much to encourage him; the two boys he had brought with him from York Fort and Norway House, as well as another who was afterwards sent to him, were already able to speak English tolerably well; they were beginning to read, and could repeat the LORD'S PRAYER, and he had been able to excite in them a love for gardening, by giving them a piece of ground to cultivate for themselves. The proposed school had been a frequent subject of conversation between himself and the Indians he had met with on his late expedition, and had excited so much interest in their minds, that several had promised to think about it, and perhaps to bring their sons to him in the summer. One little fellow, seven years old, was actually given up to him at once, his friends saying, that as Mr. West had been sent to them by "the Great Spirit," they could refuse him nothing.

Some of these people fulfilled the hopes of Mr. West, and brought their boys to him in the course of the summer, so that in September 1821, he wrote, full of sanguine hopes, that early in the following spring the establishment would be completely formed, and a building erected for the reception of "as many boys as British benevolence would enable him to support."

In the summer of this same year he had visited York Fort, and while there had the privilege of assisting Mr. Garry, one of the Company's Directors, in the formation of an Auxiliary Bible Society,—an immense boon to the whole country, and especially to the colonists at Red River, who joyfully availed themselves of this first opportunity that had been offered to them of providing themselves with copies of the Word of God.

During the following winter the work went on as usual, and in the summer of 1822 Mr. West paid another visit to York Fort, where he had the gratification of meeting with those two well-known men whose names have since awakened emotions of admiration and anxiety, of hope and fear, in every English heart. Sir John (then Captain) Franklin, and Dr. (now Sir John) Richardson, were returning from their perilous journey to the shores of the Polar Sea; and the accounts they gave, and the interest they expressed for the Esquimaux among whom their route had laid, and of the openings for schools among them, kindled fresh zeal and desire in his heart for extended missionary undertakings.

While there, he received from the Committee of the Church Missionary Society the joyful news that they had determined decidedly to adopt Red River as one of their missionary stations, and had appointed to it the Rev. David Jones, whose arrival might, if all was well, be looked for in the following year.

He returned with renewed spirit to his labours at Red River, and this prospect of permanency induced him to attempt the erection of a special place for public worship. He succeeded so well that early in 1823 a small wooden church was opened for divine service, and shortly after this he had the satisfaction of baptizing four of his Indian

boys, two of whom were those he had originally brought with him from York Fort and Norway House.

Alluding to these circumstances, he writes:—

"As I was returning the other evening from visiting some settlers nine or ten miles off, the setting sun threw a lengthened shadow from the newly erected church and school, and the thought that there were now in this wide waste a landmark of Christianity, and an asylum for Indian children, filled my heart with praise, and awakened the hope that the Saviour might make them the means of raising a spiritual temple in this wilderness to the honour of His name."

The expected arrival of Mr. Jones seemed to open to Mr. West a favourable opportunity of returning to England to fetch his wife and family, from whom he had now been for three years separated, and in June 1823, he left the settlement, as he then believed, for a temporary absence, though circumstances that afterwards arose prevented his ever returning to it. Writing of his departure, he says:—

"On leaving Red River I addressed my farewell to a crowded congregation, and after the administration of the Lord's Supper we all joined in prayer, that the missionary who was on his way hither might be tenfold, yea an hundredfold more blessed in his ministry that I had been. I parted with tears from this anxious and arduous scene of labour."

It was a love that "seeketh not her own" that prompted this prayer: but when we trace back the labours of Mr. West during the short time of his residence at Red River, and the blessing that had attended them, we shall see another instance of that truth that in spiritual as well as in temporal things, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." During Mr. West's detention at York Fort, he made a lengthened journey on foot along the

north-west shore of Hudson's Bay, to Fort Churchill; and his visit there quickened his anxiety that the Church of CHRIST should at once enter in, and take possession of, the whole country in the name of her Lord.

Soon after this he sailed for England, but not before he had had the satisfaction of welcoming the Rev. David Jones to the shores of North America.

Mr. Jones arrived at Red River in October 1823, and was rejoiced and encouraged by the evident blessing that had been vouchsafed to the work of his predecessor. A very different aspect of things now presented itself from that which had so distressed the mind of Mr. West on his first arrival three years before. Marriage, which was then almost unknown, had now become general, and had brought with it its attendant blessings of domestic comfort and social improvement. Many of the parents were availing themselves of the opportunities of education provided for their children; the Sabbath was well observed; and the public ordinances of the Church were well attended. Nor were there wanting evidences that some hearts had been truly converted to God; and Mr. Jones was much cheered by finding, that during the few months that had elapsed between the departure of Mr. West and his own arrival, a social prayer-meeting had been established.

During the following winter the little church was crowded with Europeans, half-breeds, and native Indians; and even the hunting grounds bore testimony to the power of the Gospel; for there were many even there, who, far away for a time from the public means of grace, resisted the temptations, and endured the ridicule of their companions, and continued to keep the Lord's day holy.

It was not long before an additional place of worship was required, and with the kind assistance of Governor

Simpson, and by his own personal influence and exertions, Mr. Jones succeeded in erecting a substantial church, ten miles lower down the river, at Image Plains. This was opened in January 1825, and was soon as well filled as the Upper Church, several of the congregation coming from a distance of nine or ten miles every Sunday.

The schools continued to go on favourably; 169 boys and girls of all classes were on the Sunday-School books, and the establishment for native Indians now contained twelve boys, who were gradually improving in general and scriptural knowledge. The two elder ones had made such good progress in English, that Mr. Jones hoped it would not be long before he should be able to avail himself of their assistance in the arrangement of a grammar of their own language—the Cree.

Mr. Jones found much encouragement in his Sunday evening meetings with these twelve Indian boys, and he mentions one evening in particular, when, for the first time, he observed anything like real feeling among them. In giving out the hymn beginning "Lord, while little heathen bend," &c., he was led to tell them of the cruelties practised in the idolatry of the East, which are alluded to in the hymn; they were affected even to tears, and one of them, an Assiniboine Indian,* asked, with great simplicity, "Sir, is there no

* Assiniboines (or stone boilers) derive this name from the singular mode in which they used to boil their meat. While the other tribes made use of strong earthen jars, the Assiniboines dig a hole in the ground, which they line with the raw hide of the animal, and fill with water. The meat is then put in, and large stones, which have been made red hot in a fire close by, are thrown in till the meat is boiled. They now use iron kettles purchased from the traders, except at their public feasts, when they adhere to their ancient custom.

schoolmaster there to tell them not?" But early in 1825, Mr. Jones had the grief of losing two of these promising pupils by death: the first who died, and to whom the name of William Sharpe had been given, had been sent from Churchill Fort soon after Mr. West's visit there in 1823 (see p. 29); he was very young, but gave satisfactory evidence of a real change of heart. The other, Joseph Hurbidge, was the Assiniboine boy who had been promised to Mr. West on his first excursion, early in 1821, to Beaver Creek (see p. 26), and who had afterwards been brought to him by his father with the remark, that as he believed him to have been sent by the Great Spirit, he could refuse him nothing. The conduct of some of the relations of this boy after his death throws considerable light on the natural character of these Red men of the woods, and shows how truly they appreciated the kindness which had been shown to this lad. Mr. Jones, writing on April 25, says—

"While performing Divine service yesterday I observed a strange Indian looking in at the window, whose features struck me as being like those of poor Joseph Hurbidge. I saw no more of him till this morning, when he came and told me the boy was his sister's son. I walked with him to the grave, and was surprised at the feeling he manifested. As we approached his countenance changed; and at last he burst into a flood of tears; he threw himself on the grave moaning piteously, he then rose up, took off his mocassins, and with the sod of an arrow, notwithstanding my remonstrances, dreadfully lacerated his feet. He walked back from the grave barefooted, his steps marked by the blood from his self-inflicted wounds. How does one daily see in these poor Indians the noblest of God's creatures in a state of ruin!"

Soon after this Mr. Jones one day picked up a small leathern bag near the grave, and, on opening it, found

in it the sod of the arrow, and a red substance like vermilion.

A few weeks after the visit of the poor boy's uncle, Mr. Jones observed some Indians, whose horses were laden like those of the Assiniboines, come up to the fence of his garden, but he took no particular notice of them till he heard the women begin a melancholy dirge. Suspecting from this that they must be friends of the deceased, he sent for them into the house, and found that his conjecture was right. They had come nearly three hundred miles from Beaver Creek "to cry over the grave," and said they had eaten nothing for six days. Among them were the grandfather and the mother of the lad. The appearance of the mother presented a sad instance of the cruel practices of the Indian warriors. She had been taken prisoner in her youth by some hostile tribe, and been scalped; and though the wound had long been healed, and tufts of hair were growing on the top of her head, yet the muscles of her forehead and eyebrows had been so contracted, that her appearance was truly hideous. The father had sent Mr. Jones four moose-skins, saying that he was not well enough to come himself, and besides, that "the grave was too new."

Mr. Jones set before them some fish and potatoes, of which they ate voraciously, and then lay down to rest, saying they would visit the grave in the morning. They did so, accompanied by Mr. Jones's Indian servant, and spent some little time there, making lamentable cries, and lacerating themselves, as the uncle had previously done. They then came back to the parsonage, and on the following morning, after a long conversation with Mr. Jones on the subject of Christianity, returned again to their wild forests.

Church and Mission School at the Upper Settlement built by the Rev. J. West

CHAPTER III.

FLOOD AND FAMINE.

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn Thy statutes."—*Psalm* cxix. 71.

It is sometimes profitable to dwell more at length on the history of the earlier Missionaries, their difficulties and their labours, partly that we may have a more clear and definite idea of the mission in all its subsequent workings, and partly that we may thankfully observe how God is pleased to raise up peculiar instruments for peculiar work, bestowing special gifts on those whom He employs in laying the foundations of His Church in a heathen land.

On these two accounts it is our purpose to enter somewhat in detail into this part of the history of our North West American Mission, intending to pass more rapidly over intermediate events till we come nearer to the present time.

It must be borne in mind that Red River is an isolated settlement of civilised and half-civilised men in the midst of an immense region of barbarism, and that its inhabitants are obliged to depend entirely on their own resources for the means of subsistence.

At the time of which we are speaking, a very small portion of land had been brought into cultivation, and this had been done almost solely by the European settlers, who had also succeeded in rearing cattle in con-

siderable numbers. The rest of the inhabitants, Canadians, Half-breeds, and Indians, had recourse chiefly, if not wholly, to the chase or to fishing for their support.

Their principal dependence was on the buffalo hunt, which took place twice in the year, when, perhaps, 800 hunters would set out in pursuit of this animal, accompanied by their wives and children, and attended by as many carts to bring home the spoil.

When the settlement was first established, the buffaloes were found in great numbers on the neighbouring plains, but they had gradually retreated farther and farther into the distant country, till now the hunters had sometimes to traverse 200 or 300 miles before they could meet with a herd. When, however, they did find them, the slaughter was prodigious, and, on some occasions, not less than 6000 were killed in one expedition.* Part of the flesh supplied them with food

* The herds of buffaloes are sometimes almost incredibly numerous. "On one occasion we were going down the river in a canoe when we saw an immense herd crossing just below us. We had heard their roaring several miles distant, and when we came in sight of them, we were actually terrified at the numbers that were streaming down the green hills on one side of the river, and galloping up and over the bluffs on the other. As it would have been imprudent to have ventured among them, we ran our canoe ashore, and waited for some hours to see the river clear, but in vain. As soon as the numbers began to diminish we ventured to push off, and at last made our way through them. From the immense numbers that crossed the river at this spot, the bank fifteen feet in height, had been torn and trodden down so as to form a sort of road. This was only one instance in which thousands and tens of thousands congregate and move about together."—*Abridged from Catlin's North West American Indians.*

during the hunting season, the rest the women either dried or made into *pemican* * for future use.

From this statement it will be seen that if the season should prove unpropitious, either to the hunters or the agriculturists, the colonists must necessarily be brought into great straits, as there was literally no external source whatever from which their wants could be supplied.

It was on this account that the Missionaries had, from the first, found it necessary to cultivate land and rear cattle, so as to raise their own supplies of provisions for their families and schools, as well as to be able to assist the number of starving half-breeds and Indians, whose improvidence threw them on the bounty of others. But for everything that they needed beyond the produce of their little farms,—for all other articles of food, for furniture, hardware, tools, books, clothing, and the various minor things that contribute to our daily comfort, the colonists were, and still are, entirely dependent on England.

This inconvenience is increased by the impossibility of obtaining any supplies from home except once in the year. Hudson's Bay is blocked up by fields of ice, except for a brief space during the summer months, so that vessels can seldom reach York Fort before the end of August, and are then obliged to unload and take in their cargoes as quickly as possible, lest their return should be cut off by a barrier of ice forming at the entrance of the bay and preventing their leaving it during the whole winter. This annual visit of the ships is also

* Pemican is made by pounding the fat and the lean together in a mortar, and then putting it into leathern bags in which it is often preserved for months without spoiling.

the only opportunity of either sending or receiving European letters, except that once in the course of the winter, the Missionaries had the privilege of sending a small packet with the official despatches *via* Canada.

But to return from this digression to the history of the mission.

Mr. Jones's health had been greatly injured by the severity of the first winter, which had occasioned the breaking of a blood-vessel in the lungs, from the effects of which he afterwards frequently suffered. At the time of which we are now speaking he was still alone in the mission, and had not only Sunday and week-day services at the Upper Church, but the same also at Image Plains; and we may judge of the difficulty and fatigue he often encountered by the following passage from his journal, which is only one among many similar ones:—

"March 26. Divine service as usual at Image Plains; the track was so bad that I was obliged to leave my horse, and wade for the last three miles through water lodged on the surface of the ice to the depth of eighteen inches; a crowded congregation as usual: returned to the services at the Upper Church; in the evening my usual class of Indian boys."

Suffering as Mr. Jones now was from broken health, deprived of all ministerial advice and sympathy, and shut out for months together from all intercourse with his native land, it required a more than usual measure of strong faith, unwearying zeal, and ardent love, to prevent his spirit from sinking and his heart from turning back. But God endowed him richly with all these graces, and there is a cheerfulness and devotedness in his journals at this time that show how communion with God in the Christian's daily walk will support and cheer him under difficulties and privations.

He had also granted to him much encouragement in his work. The congregations at both churches continued to increase, and it was sometimes with difficulty that he could make his way through the crowd to the reading-desk. Often, when setting forth a Saviour's love, he saw the deep feelings of his hearers, especially among the half-breeds, manifesting itself in tears; and on one occasion he speaks of his own mind being much affected at the manner in which the whole congregation, English, Scotch, Swiss, Germans, Canadians, Norwegians, half-breeds, and Indians, joined in singing "Crown him Lord of all," little thinking, he says, when he first read that hymn in Welsh, in the account of the formation of the London Missionary Society, that it would be brought home to his heart with so much power and interest in the American wilderness.

In October, 1825, Mr. Jones had the comfort of welcoming the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cockran to Red River; and the female part of the population soon began to find the advantage of having a missionary lady among them.

It was not long after this arrival that the colony was subjected to the most severe trial it had ever experienced; and a short account of the circumstances will serve to illustrate the trials of the Missionaries as well as to show the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart of many.

From some cause, which does not appear, the hunters had failed in their winter expedition of 1825-6 against the buffaloes; so much so, that instead of bringing back the usual supply of food for future use, many of them had, even while in the plains, been reduced to the extremity, not only of devouring their dogs, but of eating

[illegible]

[illegible] Doring the [illegible] like mounted with him [illegible] proof that the [illegible]

CHAPTER IV

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] *expected* [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] herself out in every way for the temporal and spiritual benefit of all around her, and soon after her [illegible] established a guardian school for the daughters

* [illegible]

of the higher classes of the Company's agents, who had hitherto been without any opportunity of education. In this school she met with some trials and much encouragement, two instances of the latter are recorded by the Bishop of Montreal in his Journal, p. 25.

But it is the Indian boys' school that belongs more to our present subject than school which Mr. West had established, and to the future effect of which he looked forward with so much hope; and here also though there were some disappointments, there was much very much that must have fulfilled his most sanguine expectations. We shall select a few of the cases which present some peculiar features.

In the year 1827 Mr. Cowley was sent to the country west of the Rocky Mountains, where he found the Indians in some respects much but in other ways superior to their brethren on the eastern side. The country was rich and productive, the people were bold and warlike, chiefly into trade, and very jealous of encroachment from their neighbours, although well disposed and friendly to the few Europeans scattered here and there among them at the Company's posts. They dwelt in villages, and were independent yet there on the coast particularly the Chinook tribe in the neighbourhood of Fort Vancouver carry on a brisk trade with the neighbouring nations, personally in *canoes*.

Slaves, on the shore of the Pacific present a more painful aspect than on those of the Atlantic, for although the principal riches of the chiefs consist in the number of their slaves, any act of disobedience is punished with instant death, and frequently several of these poor creatures are offered up on the grave of their master.

The appearance of the Western Indians is less prepossessing than that of their brethren on the east of the rocky barrier: their complexion is not so dark, and they have even a tinge of red in their cheeks; but their black hair hanging over their shoulders, their high cheek bones, their artificially flattened foreheads, with their large fiery eyes starting as it were from their sockets, give them an almost unearthly expression. In winter those who can obtain articles of European clothing choose it in preference to their own, but in summer they wear no clothing at all. They are very eager for information, especially on matters of religion; and when Governor Simpson spoke to them on the subject, he found them not only favourably disposed, but earnestly desirous of having teachers sent to them, to lead them into the knowledge of the "Master of Life."

This report awakened increased interest in the heart of Mr. Jones for these remote tribes; he earnestly longed that a Mission might be established among them, and in the contemplation of this exclaims in one of his letters:

> I hail the prospect of a Mission beyond the Rocky Mountains with emotions of the liveliest joy. The exertions of the Eastern and Western hemispheres in hastening the evangelization of the North West American Missionary may soon, perhaps, stand on the summit of these mountains, and stretch forth his hands towards the waters of the Southern Sea and hail his brother labourers in the Islands."

Fancy as Mr. Jones's hopes then were, he would not have continued to anticipate the scene not long since witnessed in the Cathedral of Canterbury,* when two Bishops, the one for China, the other for Rupert's Land,

* May 30th, 1849

food side by side, so soon to part, the one for the East, the other for the Western hemisphere — the waves of the North Pacific alone separating, or rather uniting, their respective dioceses; and their next meeting, perchance, to be on Vancouver's Island, or some other spot in that mighty ocean.

But to return from this digression to the Indian school.

The chiefs of these Western Indians, on the banks of the Columbia, had given an earnest of their sincerity in desiring religious knowledge, by entrusting two of their sons to Governor Simpson to be brought up at the Mission school. The autumn of 1825 saw them safely landed there, and their general conduct was so good, and their progress in Scriptural knowledge so satisfactory, that before Mr. Jones's visit to England in 1829 he baptized them by the names of *Kootamey* and *Pappa Cotty*.

During his absence Mr. Cockran was perplexed by their expressing an earnest wish to visit their own country. He greatly feared that the love of home and kindred would induce them to remain, and he knew that as yet their knowledge was too limited, and their principles too unestablished, for them to become fitting guides to their own people. However, he offered no opposition, but committed them in faith and prayer to Him who thus far had led them.

To his great joy they returned in the course of a few months, bringing with them five other boys, four of them were also sons of chiefs, but of different tribes, and speaking dialects so unlike, that their only intercourse was by signs.

The hopes that Mr. Jones had formed of Kootamey's

future usefulness were blasted soon after his return. During his absence he had received some serious injury by a fall, from which he never recovered, and after much suffering he died on Easter Monday, 1830, though not till he had given good evidence of his being a child of God, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Mr. Jones, while watching by his bedside, was much affected by hearing him frequently, in his delirium, imagine himself to be with his father, anxiously endeavouring to instruct him in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

His friend, Spogan Garry, continued at the school till 1832, when he returned to his own people. He was well instructed in divine truth, and although Mr. Jones saw in him no evidence of a change of heart, he hoped that his residence among his friends might at all events awaken in them a spirit of inquiry.

He heard nothing of him for several years, till, in 1836, he found by a letter from Mr. Finlayson, the gentleman in charge of Fort Vancouver, that he spent great part of his time in instructing his people, who were so anxious to hear him that they brought presents of various kinds, and indeed seem to have maintained him in Indian abundance.

To Mr. Jones's surprise and gratification, he also found from the same letter that during the visit of Spogan Garry and Kootanney in 1826, these two lads took great pains in instructing their friends in as much as they themselves knew of the truths of the Bible; that they were listened to with the greatest attention; that they prevailed on some of them to observe the Sabbath day; and that this little band on the banks of the Columbia had remained faithful to their young teachers, and still continued to keep the Lord's day holy.

The anxiety of these poor people for instruction was so great, that Mr Finlayson speaks of his having been told that at the time the Government expresses were expected to pass Colville House, they would send messengers to inquire if any "new doctrines had arrived."

"I had myself," he says, "a striking instance of this spirit of inquiry among them. I had one day taken my station on an elevated spot near the Kettle Fall, not far from Colville House, [illegible] the men who were carrying the baggage, [illegible] I was [illegible] at a book in my hand, when my attention was attracted by the voice of a man who was approaching me, and haranguing me with uncommon animation as he drew nearer and nearer, while with passionate gestures he pointed alternately to the [illegible] and to the book in my hand. I [illegible] his language, but I could evidently gather from his [illegible] that he thought I could give him information on [illegible] [illegible] and, afraid of [illegible], I made him understand that my [illegible] at Colville. He repeated the name [illegible] all that he had caught my meaning, and darted off towards the place with the rapidity of lightning. I am convinced that a man of parts, who knew something of the language of these poor people, and devoted himself to their [illegible], would soon obtain an unbounded influence over them, and might expect a rich and abundant harvest. I do not know any part of America where the natives could be more easily [illegible] than on the banks of the Columbia."

Here then [illegible] their hands [illegible] and [illegible] cannot meet them. [illegible] pointing to [illegible] and then [illegible] the triumph [illegible] but what is the [illegible] of the [illegible] the [illegible] of darkness and of misery."

It [illegible] about the time of [illegible] that the Am[illegible]

[illegible]

tablished a Mission in this distant wilderness,—the Rev. J. Lee was stationed on the Wallamattee, Dr. Whitman at Walla Walla, and the Rev. H. Spalding at Kiskeeskee (or Salmon River), 150 miles higher up the Columbia. They found the chiefs and people very friendly; Mrs. Spalding had no difficulty in collecting 150 children of various ages for her school; and as soon as Mr. Spalding was able to give them a little religious instruction, he found them so eager on the subject that they would sometimes spend whole nights in imparting to others what they themselves had learnt from him.

We learn from other sources that the Americans were induced to establish this Mission by a deputation of Indians, sent to St. Louis from this western country, to inquire more particulars about the religion of the "white men," and to request that teachers might be sent; and there seems little or no doubt that the message came from some of those very people who had been awakened to a concern for their souls by the visit of these two youths, or perhaps more recently by Spotten Curry's residence among them.

This persuasion is confirmed by a letter from one of the Missionaries to Mr. Jones in 1837, in which he mentions his surprise on his first going among them at finding a large body of "Pagan Indians" in some degree enlightened as to religious truth, and adds that they had an efficient interpreter, who had been educated at Red River (doubtless Spotten Curry himself), and that he had enjoyed with them "a real Bethel in the woods."

Cayouse Hallet was the name of another boy at the Indian school, who had come thither from beyond the Rocky Mountains. He was a pleasing, thoughtful lad

and gave promise of future usefulness. He visited his friends on the Columbia River in 1834, but not being able to reconcile himself to their mode of life he returned to reside with Mr. Cockran, to whom he made himself very useful in various ways. He was always diligent in his work, and passed his leisure time in reading the Bible or some religious book. Mr. Cockran thought very highly of him in every way, and among other things employed him in endeavouring to teach the Saulteaux Indians at the Lower Encampment (of whom we shall hereafter have occasion to speak) to cultivate the ground; and although, after working hard for them all the day, they would be have incidently to him, and even refuse to give him any food, yet we hear of no complaints from him, nor of any unwillingness to continue his labours for them.

After having been with Mr. Cockran about two years he began to droop, and his watchful friend, finding from the doctor there was no specific disease, feared he must be under the influence of that peculiar complaint incident to many Indians who apply themselves to the arts of civilized life, and which the Indians themselves call "thinking bad." The patient loses his strength and spirits without any apparent cause; medical aid is of no avail; no endeavours to amuse or raise him have any effect, and he gradually sinks into the grave without any specific disease.

It was too surely the case with poor Cayouche. Mr. Cockran used every means to avert the danger; he made him his almost constant companion, and sent him to great Canoe's friends in the neighbourhood. But it was all in vain, nothing succeeded in restoring his strength, and time gave the strong impression of approaching

death. He lingered for some weeks, and suddenly died when on a visit to one of his friends. "Pious, obedient, and faithful," Mr. Cockran deeply felt his loss.

Another of these Indian scholars was *Colon Leslie*, an Esquimaux from Fort Churchill. He had learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic; and the school being at this time removed to the Grand Rapids, he was there taught husbandry and carpenters' work. He was a very promising youth, and Mr. Cockran looked forward to his being very useful at the Indian Village; but in the spring of 1835 his health declined, and he was soon after attacked with influenza, which was at that time very prevalent in the colony. During his illness he gave satisfactory evidence of being taught of God.

At one time he was in great concern for his own soul, and for the spiritual state of his parents, who were still at Fort Churchill. He wrestled earnestly in prayer to God for them and for himself, and on one occasion when the distress of his mind was very great, he sent for Mr. Cockran in the night, when the following conversation passed between them:

Mr. Cockran. "Leslie, what is it that so distresses you?" *Leslie.* "Sir, I am thinking about my poor parents; they have never heard that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—what will become of them if they never hear of Him! Oh, write to them, and tell them that Christ will save them from everlasting punishment if they believe in Him." *Mr. Cockran* replied: "Write yourself, that will be much better; for if I write they will say it is I that speak, not you." "I cannot write," he exclaimed; "see how my hands shake!" "Why," asked *Mr. Cockran*, "have you not written to them long ago?" His answer is very affecting. "I did not then think of the value of my soul; it is only since I began to feel myself a miserable sinner, and to pray in earnest for mercy to myself, that I have become anxious about them. When I saw the wickedness of my own

court, and felt there was no hope for me but through Christ, then the miserable state of my parents came to my mind. What will they do? they never hear of Christ."

After this the poor fellow appeared to be recovering, but one day when Mr. Cockran was writing in his study, the servant ran in to say that Le-che was suddenly taken worse, and before he could reach the sick room the ransomed spirit had fled.

The history of *Jack Spence* has appeared more than once in the publications of the Church Missionary Society, but the lustre of divine grace in this poor Indian youth shone so brightly as his life drew near its close, that our "Boy of heaven" would be incomplete without some short record of him.

He was a native of Port Nelson River, and had come to Red River in 1824, where he was received into the Indian school, and remained in it for several years. We are not told what became of him after he left school, though probably he was employed in some inferior capacity in the Company's service. In the summer of 1836 Mr. Jones heard that he had returned to the neighbourhood, and was very ill. He went immediately to see him and found him dying of consumption, and in the lowest state of poverty and destitution. He was with two old Indians in a small birch-rind hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him, and an old blanket over him, which was in a condition not to be described. As soon as Mr. Jones had recovered from his actual amazement he expressed his surprise at seeing him in this state, and his regret that he had not sooner known about him. The poor boy replied:

"It is so, little I cared, and the poor people did all for me; but I should like something better to die upon in my house into very soon."

Mr. Jones then inquired as to the state of his mind; to which he answered that he was very happy; that JESUS CHRIST, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had perfect confidence in Him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of his blanket, Mr. Jones said, "Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that. I hope you find good from it." Weak as the poor fellow was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his almost skeleton hand, while a smile played on his countenance as he said,—

"This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it to me when we all went down to live at Mr. Cochran's. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister across Lake Winnipeg" (about 200 miles off) "where I remained two months. When I was half way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me; I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself to come to and fro in the canoe before I could reach the place. But I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again; and ever since that it has been near my heart. And I thought I should have it buried with me, but I have thought since that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

He was often interrupted by his cough, and when he had finished, sunk down exhausted with the effort of speaking. Mr. Jones read and prayed with him, the hut scarcely allowing him room to kneel upright. It was an affecting and a memorable scene, as the evening sun poured its rays through the holes in the bark with which the hut was covered, and lighted up the countenance of the dying youth. Mr. Jones lost no time in supplying him with every comfort he needed, but his time was come, and in a few days after this conversation he was taken from sin and suffering, and his remains

were laid among the rebels of the valley, there to await the sound of the trumpet that shall summon the dead from their graves."

Of many of the companions of these youths we have no record whatever, but of others who are still alive, and are permitted to labour in the Lord's vineyard, we shall have more to say hereafter. We will therefore now return to the more general affairs of the Mission, and mention that during this period most of the Indians who had been converted by the instrumentality of Mr. Jones had left the Upper Settlement and joined their friends at the Indian Village.

The year 1836 was one of deep and varied trial. Toward the end of August, just as the crops were ripening, a severe frost destroyed all the garden seeds and seriously injured the corn and potatoes; the buffalo hunters too, returned once more with empty carts, and though the Missionaries had a sufficient store from the produce of the preceding year to prevent their entire patience for themselves and their families the same actual want of food which they had experienced ten years before, yet they felt for their suffering people, knowing that all the relief and they could exercise would avail but little to relieve the wants of so many.

"There, they say, "who have their wants supplied to an a regular market, replenished with abundance of home and foreign produce, cannot fully feel how severe this calamity is to us. Separated from civilized society by thousands of miles of trackless wilderness, surrounded by savages and improvident tribes, who never think of supplying a want till it is felt, when the produce of our own industry fails, where can we look for help?"

But this was not the only privation to which our Missionaries were subjected in this trying year.

The boats had, as usual, started early in June for York Fort, to take up the furs collected during the winter at the different posts, and to bring back the accustomed supplies from England. The return of these boats was always looked forward to with intense interest.

"When we have passed," writes Mr. Cockran to the Secretary, "a long winter in solitude, and mixed only with barbarians, or with half civilized men, who have no European feelings or habits, seeing everything and every person about us so different from all we have been accustomed to, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that we are part of the human family. But when we receive our supplies and letters from England, and realize from the tenderness of their expressions that our friends there sympathize with us, and pray for us, we are reminded of our union with the Church of God. Our souls revive, our strength is renewed, we take our harps from the willows and tune them again to notes of praise."

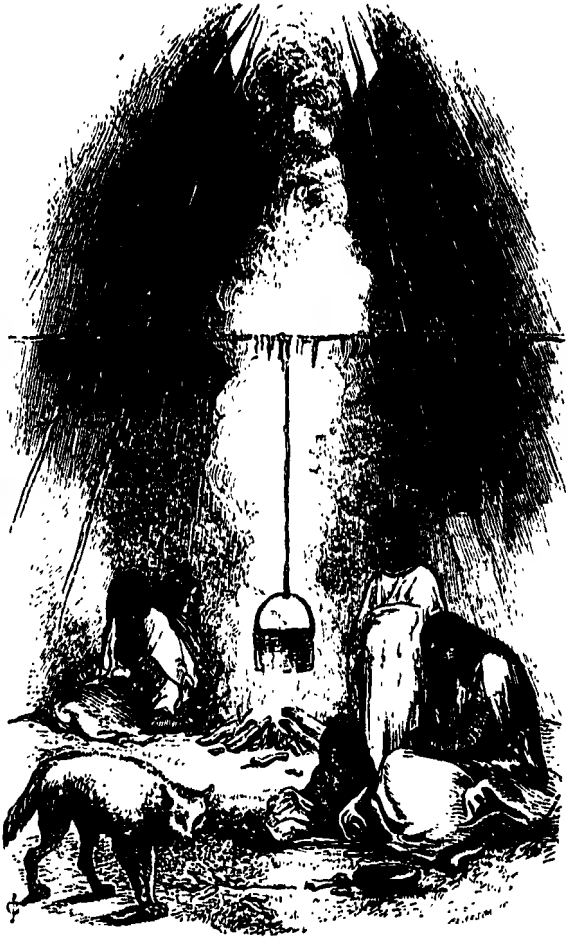
We can well picture to ourselves the anxious hopes and fears that would occupy the minds of our friends as the usual time of the return of the boats drew near, but now day after day passed, and still no boats appeared—week after week, and still no boats. At length they arrived, but it was only to say that, after waiting as long as it was safe to do so, on account of the rivers being closed by ice, they had returned empty, for that no ships had reached York Fort. It subsequently appeared that the vessels, after having been entangled by icebergs at the entrance of the bay, had neared the shore much later than usual, but before they could be unloaded had been driven off by contrary winds, and after encountering tremendous storms, were obliged to return with their cargoes to England. The mail bags had, however, with difficulty been put ashore, and,

after a delay of some weeks the Missionaries had the unexpected joy of getting their letters, though they had to wait another year for the supply of all their other wants. They were in consequence reduced to great straits, but, says Mr. Cockran, "*We have our Bible left!*"

The health, too, of both Mr. Jones and Mr. Cockran had suffered considerably from the climate and from their indefatigable labours, and during the earlier part of this year they were several times laid low with attacks of serious illness.

But neither the destructive frosts of the summer nor the disappointed hopes of the autumn, nor even the partial failure of health, could touch the little missionary band so keenly as the almost sudden death of Mrs. Jones, in October of the same eventful year.

Gentle and unassuming, full of peace and love to God and man, she had won the hearts of all, while her quiet energy enabled her to conduct the whole affairs of the missionary establishment without throwing any part of the burden on her husband. Never did the death of any Missionary's wife leave a greater blank in the sphere she occupied, nor was there ever a deeper and more affectionate sorrow manifested than by the numbers who attended her funeral. All felt they had lost a mother, but Mr. Jones, now left with five small children, was almost overwhelmed, and though, in the midst of his distress, he could say from his heart, "Good is the Lord, and I can still trust Him," yet he found the care of his children, of the schools, and congregations, too much for his enfeebled health, and, in August 1842, bade adieu to the scenes of his joys, and sorrows, and labours, for the last fifteen years.



Interior of an Indian Tent on the Red River, in 1833.

CHAPTER VI.

THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

"Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."—*St. James*, v. 7.

EARLY in the spring of 1833 Mr. Cockran stood on a point of land formed by a sharp bend of the river, thirteen miles below his own dwelling at the Rapids, and as he surveyed the scene before him his mind was occupied with thoughts of the misery of the Indians and with plans for their relief. All was a dreary waste; the sweep of the river had formed a kind of bay, the shore of which was lined with wood and tangled thicket that had never yet been disturbed by the hand of man, while one solitary wigwam on the margin of the frozen stream, with its wretched-looking owner breaking through the ice and fishing for his scanty meal, rather added to than relieved the desolation that reigned around.

In October 1835 he again stood on the same spot, and thus records the change which, by God's blessing, two years and a half of unwearying toil had wrought:—

"Now, from the opposite side of the river, I see the village standing along the crescent bay; *twenty-three* little white-washed cottages are shining through the trees, each with its column of smoke curling to the skies, and each with its stacks of wheat and barley. Around them lie various patches of cultivated ground; here and there pigs are seen busily seeking for their food, cows are lowing for their calves, while in the centre stands the school-

house, where sixty merry children, 'just let loose from school,' are leaping, running, or wrestling; and all is life and cheerfulness. It is," continues he, "but a speck in the wilderness, and a stranger might despise it; but we who know the difficulties that have attended the work, can truly say that God hath done great things, were it only that those sheaves of corn have been raised by hands that hitherto had only been exercised in deeds of blood and cruelty to man and beast."

It will be the object of the few following pages to relate the steps which led to this result, and to trace (though faintly) the history of one of the most encouraging instances on record of the blessing bestowed upon strong faith, prayerful hope, and persevering love.

The intercourse that Mr. Jones and Mr. Cockran had with those Indians who had from time to time joined their respective congregations, convinced them that the only effectual mode of permanently benefiting this people was by forming an exclusively Indian settlement, where the peculiarities of their minds and habits could more freely develope themselves, and be more effectually directed, than when dwelling among a mixed population.

They foresaw many and great difficulties in this plan, but they resolved to attempt it; and having obtained permission from England, Mr. Cockran undertook to begin the work.

The chief difficulties arose from the character and habits of the Indians themselves. Sunk as they were in the scale of society, their pride and self-sufficiency almost exceeded belief. The arts of civilisation, especially of husbandry, were looked upon by them as derogatory to the free unfettered Red man, and only fit for degraded Europeans; and they turned with disdain and strong aversion, not only from the religion of the white man, but from all his modes of life

Even in those cases where this prejudice had in some measure given way, there were other difficulties to contend with, in their ignorance of every art, in their utter helplessness and indifference.

"When," says Mr. Cockran, "the Indian steps on shore from his birch-rind canoe, his blanket thrown over his naked shoulders, in one hand his gun, with which to procure his next meal, and on his other arm a small hatchet with which to cut the poles for his tent, followed by his family as peeled as himself—a few pieces of birch-rind for their tent, and a kettle to cook their food, constituting the whole of their property;—if such a man even wishes to change his habits, how is he to do it? He has neither knowledge nor implements of husbandry, nor power of obtaining either. All must be gratuitously bestowed upon them, if we would locate them; and we must locate them before we can preach the Gospel to them.*

A still more serious obstacle to the improvement of the Indians arose from their almost universal habits of intoxication. "Fire-water" had been but too freely supplied to them in exchange for their furs, and though about this time the authorities forbade the sale of it at Red River, the system was openly carried on at other places, and clandestinely even there.

But Mr. Cockran's mind and energies were only quickened by difficulties, and early in 1830 he began to take measures for the accomplishment of his long-cherished scheme.

Between the Rapids and the Lake lay a considerable tract of country, called the Indian Reserves, belonging to a portion of the Saulteaux tribe; and it was

* It must not be supposed that Mr. Cockran held the erroneous opinion that civilisation, *in itself*, in any degree facilitated the reception of the Gospel, but the case of the Red Indian was a peculiar one and required a peculiar course of proceeding.

on some spot within those limits that Mr. Cockran desired to form the settlement.

The consent of Pigwys, the chief, must first, however, be obtained; and this was no easy matter, for, naturally enough, the Indians are very jealous of any encroachment on their lands, or on their liberty: they could neither understand nor believe the possibility of disinterested kindness; and they had no feeling of sin, or fear of eternal misery, that would make them desire the Gospel for its own sake.

"In vain," writes Mr. Cockran, "do we stand and cry, 'Come, ye thirsty, and drink!' for the heathen thirst not; in vain do we invite them to buy pardoning mercy and renewing grace without money and without price, for they feel not the want of either. I do not, therefore, intend to go to Pigwys and his tribe with the proposal of *instructing* them—this would be useless. They think themselves much wiser than we are, and when they intend to compliment us, they will tell us we are almost as wise and as good as an Indian. So I lay wisdom and goodness aside, for I have found from six years' experience that making pretensions to these will not obtain the desired end. The Indian thinks himself cheated always and by every one, and to offer religion to him for its own sake and his soul's sake only raises new suspicions. My only hope of success is to induce them to settle for their own temporal benefit, and at the same time to preach to them the glad tidings of a Saviour's love."

Mr. Cockran had several conversations with the chief, but without success. It was in vain that he represented to him the advantages of settling, the greater certainty of food, and a warm habitation for the winter; that he promised to come himself and help him, to supply him with implements, and to build a house for him. The old man still objected, giving as his chief reason that if they forsook the customs of their ancestors, and laid aside their "medicine," their drums, and their conjur-

ations, the Master of Life would be angry with them, and would not prosper them in their hunting and fishing expeditions.

It was strange that the unsoundness of this reason did not strike him, as it was several times brought forward on some of his frequent visits to Mr. Cockran's house to beg from him some food for his family, especially for meal to thicken their musk-rat soup!

Sometimes these conversations took place at the chief's own abode, and Mr. Cockran thus describes one of his visits there:—

"The lower part of his miserable tent was formed of birch-rind, and the upper part of long grass. Five young children — dirty, and almost naked — sat round a small fire in the middle, the smoke of which filled the tent. His eldest daughter was boiling a kettle of soup made of haws and water, having failed in procuring anything more substantial."

It was rather a favourable opportunity to press the subject of cultivation, for Pigwys complained of having been very unsuccessful during the autumn, and of being *three hundred rats* in debt, and seemed half inclined to try some new experiment.

But he could not quite conquer his prejudices, and, speaking of the altered condition of the Indians since the white man had appeared among them, exclaimed,—

"Before you whites came to trouble the ground, our rivers were full of fish and our woods of deer; our creeks abounded in beavers, and our plains were covered with buffaloes. But now we are brought to poverty. Our beavers are gone for ever, our buffaloes are fled to the lands of our enemies, the number of our fish is diminished, our cats and our rats are few in number, the geese are afraid to pass over the smoke of your chimneys, and we are left to starve. While you whites are growing rich upon the very dust of our fathers, troubling the plains with the plough,

covering them with cows in the summer, and in winter feeding your cattle with hay from the very swamps whence our beavers have been driven!"

The following winter proved a very severe one; and in the spring of 1831 Mr. Cockran renewed his proposals, strengthening his arguments by a reference to his own circumstances,—

"Six times," said he, "has that river been frozen since I came to your country, and as many times has it been open again. Six times have the flocks of wild-fowl passed and repassed; I diminished not their number, nor retarded their flight. Yet you see I have enough. Every time you have passed my house I have fed you when hungry, and often sent you away laden with provisions. Still I am not in want. I have a house, a field, a garden, cows, and pigs. I have enough to feed my family, my servants, and the Indian children, and to give to the passing stranger.

"Now, if you will let me come and farm at your encampment, it shall be entirely for the benefit of yourself and your tribe. I will teach you; I will supply you with hoes and with seed; I will send a man with oxen to plough the land; I will help you to build comfortable houses, and to preserve the corn and potatoes for winter use."

The sufferings of the winter had inclined the chief to listen more favourably to this proposal; he even himself cordially acquiesced in it, and promised to consult his tribe on the subject. Mr. Cockran was quite encouraged. "If I can once," said he, "get a footing among them, and make them see that I have a desire for their welfare, their prejudices against myself as a white man, and against the message I bear, will soon vanish." Pigwys, however, found that the principal men of his tribe objected to the plan; he himself hesitated; and again the summer passed without anything being done.

The next winter was still more severe than the preceding one, and the half-starved Indians seemed so much more inclined to listen to his proposals, that our Missionary determined without loss of time to seek for an eligible spot.

About fifteen miles below the Rapids, on the opposite side of the river, there was a part of the Indian Reserves called Netley Creek, much resorted to by the Saulteaux of the neighbourhood. Here, in spring and autumn, there was usually a large gathering of the tribe to consult the chief conjurer on their good or ill-fortune; here many of them would encamp for a few weeks at a time during their short summer, and it was here that Pigwys' tent was generally to be found.

Mr. Cockran thought that this might be a promising spot on which to begin his operations, and in April 1832 he set out to examine it. After a wearisome journey—partly on horseback through a succession of swamps, and partly in a small canoe, making his way between large blocks of ice piled one upon another—he reached the place; and though he found it far less suitable than he expected, he determined to begin at once, and sent down two men and a yoke of oxen to break up the ground.

But by this time the rivers were open, the fish was plentiful, the Indians had forgotten the miseries of the past winter, and they raised fresh difficulties. They now determined to allow no further steps to be taken till they had consulted their chief "medicine man," or conjurer, who was preparing for the annual feast and incantations: this took place at the end of May, and Mr. Cockran was invited to attend. He found a large

tent had been pitched, and was directed to the east end, where the chief was sitting, fanning himself with the skin of a musk-rat. Pieces of riband and cloth were hanging all round the tent,—the offerings of these poor people to the conjurer, who were "thus giving what they could ill spare in order to be told a lie; while to the truth, which they might have had without money and without price, they would not listen." There were as many as one hundred and fifty, men, women, and children, crowded together in the tent, the top of which was open, and admitted the rays of a cloudless sun; and here the whole party were engaged in dancing, shouting, singing, and drumming, shaking their rattles, and running round and round the tent. The weather was extremely warm, the skins of these naked barbarians had been well rubbed with sturgeon-oil, and we shall not wonder that our Missionary soon found himself obliged to escape into the open air, without waiting for the conclusion of the proceedings. Knowing that this conjurer was a clever but ill-disposed man, and that any improvement among the Indians would endanger his craft, Mr. Cockran greatly feared that the oracle would be unpropitious; but God in some way overruled the expected opposition, and he was allowed to proceed.

To those who have the opportunity and leisure to read them, the details of this first establishment of the Indian settlement afford a very instructive lesson. Nothing could be more discouraging, whether we look at the indifference and opposition of the Indians, the nature of the only available land, or the amount of the resources required compared with the very small means

that were within his reach. But Mr. Cockran conferred not with flesh and blood, not even with his own occasional misgivings: moved with compassion for the people, and longing to extend his Master's kingdom, he grasped the promises of God with an unyielding, though sometimes a trembling faith, and all the warmth of his heart and the activity of his mind were directed to this object. His "work of faith and labour of love" were unfailing; but it is his "patience of hope" to which we would especially direct the attention of our younger readers.

Knowing the incalculable importance of the work, and believing that, with God's help, it might be accomplished, he did not suffer his thoughts to be occupied in considering *whether* it should be attempted, but concentrated his whole mind and energies on the *best mode* of carrying it out; and we only wish we could place before them more in detail the unconquered perseverance with which he met and overcame his daily difficulties and disappointments.

Determined to make at once a decided effort, he left his home and congregation, and taking with him two of his own servants and a yoke of oxen, set off for Netley Creek. Here he pitched his leathern tent, and though the men and oxen, as well as himself, suffered much at times from want of proper shelter, he continued here, week after week, returning to the Rapids on the Saturday and back again to his work on the Monday.

At this time there were about two hundred Indians in the encampment, but he could only prevail upon seven of them to attempt cultivation, and even these could not be depended on. If the weather were bad,

they would not stir from their tents; and if fine, they were as likely to set off on a fishing expedition as to assist in clearing the ground for their own crops.

One incident is too characteristic to be omitted. Some of the ground was prepared, and Mr. Cockran wished to send to the Rapids for the seed. He applied to the chief for two of the young men to take a canoe and fetch it, while he would ride home and prepare it for them; but though it was solely for their own use, not one would move, till at last one of the sons of the chief offered to ride Mr. Cockran's horse if he would take charge of the canoe! Unmoved by the rudeness and selfishness of this proposal, Mr. Cockran acceded to it, and in a moment the lad was mounted, his blanket thrown over his right shoulder, his hair adorned with narrow ribands, streaming behind his back, while his heel was diligently employed in urging the horse to its utmost speed. Off he flew as proud as possible, and was out of sight in an instant among the tall poplars, leaving Mr. Cockran and his servant to paddle the canoe fifteen miles against the current to fetch seed for his own people!

Thus it went on, day after day, till there was as much seed sown as there was ground cleared to receive it, Mr. Cockran taking every opportunity of bringing forward some portion of Divine Truth, here a little and there a little, as his hearers could bear it.

Much as Mr. Cockran suffered from fatigue and anxiety, and occasionally from cold and want of proper food, this residence at Netley Creek was not without its use. It not only brought him to a more intimate acquaintance with the minds and habits of the Indians,

but it enabled him to form a more just and encouraging estimate of the work that was going on in his own congregation.

"While at home," he says, "and seeing the inconsistencies and shortcomings of some of my flock, I am apt to imagine things are going on badly with us, and I ask, 'Is the Lord among us, or not?' But when I go to Netley Creek, and see the inhabitant of the forest with his miserable blanket wrapped round him; or when I witness the emblems of terror painted on many a face, and hear the woods resound with the terrific notes of the war-song,—then I can see that the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we may well rejoice. Such were some of my own people, and such, but for Divine grace, might we all have been."

And again:—

"Night and day do the woods at Netley Creek resound with the deadening and depressing sounds of the conjurer's drum and rattle. Every time he strikes his drum, regularly and steadily as the ticking of a clock, and shouts out his dismal 'Ho, ho, ho!' I feel my spirits sink, and an Indian apathy seems to come over my whole frame. But when, on Saturday afternoon, I return to my dear family and comfortable home, all my better feelings are brought back again. One day in the house of God is better than a thousand; and my Sunday services with my devout and increasing congregation (now about 250), make me forget the toils, the griefs, the gloomy thoughts of the past week, and prepare me for the troubles of the next."

Three rude dwellings were soon constructed, one for the chief, another for an Indian of the name of "Red Deer," who showed a desire to settle, and the third for a servant of Mr. Cockran's; but one shudders to read that the man who assisted in the building these cottages was called "Cannibal," from his having devoured *nine* of his own relations in a time of scarcity.

The first few months were months of great anxiety to Mr. Cockran. The summer proved wet and stormy, and in August a sharp frost injured the potatoes; the Indians were discouraged, and even Pigwys himself returned to his old idea that the "Master of Life" was angry with these "troublers of the soil;" while the "medicine men" left no means untried to dissuade the cultivators from reaping the very crops they had with so much difficulty been persuaded to sow.

It was a time of anxious suspense, and great was Mr. Cockran's joy when, on Sept. 3d, 1832, he found the Indians beginning to reap their barley, and though they would only work for an hour at a time, and then would light their pipes and sit down to rest, yet in the course of a few days their little harvest was safely housed. Four out of the seven consumed the produce immediately in Indian feasts; and only three, one of whom was Pigwys, reserved the produce for winter store. But small as the quantity was, the advantage and comfort they found from it encouraged themselves and others to future efforts, so that, in the following spring, the number of cultivators was increased to fourteen.

Circumstances, however, induced Mr. Cockran to think it advisable to form another settlement; and with the cordial consent of the chief he fixed on Sugar Point (so called from the sugar-maple trees with which it abounded), two miles nearer to the Rapids, as a more suitable spot for a permanent establishment. One motive that influenced him was the hatred and jealousy that existed between the Saulteaux and the Crees, the former being the more wild and ferocious, and the latter having the reputation of greater skill in sorcery.

A touching incident occurred to Mr. Cockran in illustration of this. He mentions a visit he paid to the chief, whom he found in his tent with the conjurer, and another man, a Saulteaux, whose face was blackened with charcoal in token of grief. It seems he had lately lost two relations by sudden death, occasioned, as he was persuaded, by the incantations of the Crees, and his melancholy countenance told plainly his apprehensions of soon sharing the same fate himself. He was now taking counsel with the conjurer and with the chief how best to avert the danger, and the conference would probably have ended in the murder of some of the Crees. Our Missionary entered into conversation with him, showing him the improbability of the supposition, and the folly of thus attempting to avoid the danger, even if it were real.

Sometimes, as he listened to these arguments, a gleam of hope would brighten the countenance of the poor man, and his eyes would sparkle at the idea that perhaps his fears might be ungrounded, and his life be yet prolonged. But soon the awful thought would return that, possibly even now, some conjurer among the Crees was using against him the fatal spell, and again his countenance resumed its look of terror and despair. "How beautiful," exclaims Mr. Cockran, after narrating the circumstance, "does the Gospel appear when contrasted with such gloomy superstition! Well may the Christian rejoice in his own clear light and peaceful prospects, and well may he mourn over, and strive to remove, the awful darkness of his fellow men!"

Mr. Cockran accordingly began the new settlement at Sugar Point in the spring of 1833; it was one extremity of the "crescent bay," of which we spoke before,

and our readers will perhaps already have concluded that this was the commencement of the Indian Village.

Henceforward it became the point to which the Missionary's attention was chiefly directed, and in the next chapter we will relate something of the progress of his work there.

The Rev. D. Jones taking Leave of the People of the Indian Village.

CHAPTER VII.

INDIAN VILLAGE CONTINUED—PIGWYS.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—*Gal.* vi. 9.

THE cultivation of the new settlement was, as we have said, begun in the spring of 1833, and though the progress was slow, it was steady. A house was built for the Chief, who willingly took up his abode here, and one Indian after another (chiefly from the Crees) joined him, and set to work in good earnest to clear the ground, to sow their seed, and to build for themselves small and rough, but substantial dwellings. The walls of these cottages were made of logs of oak or maple, plastered with mud, and neatly whitewashed; the roofs were thatched with reeds, and covered with earth; and for their windows they used the skins of fish.

One of Mr. Cockran's first cares was to build a school room, and, after much persuasion, he prevailed on the parents to send their children for instruction; but he found the management of these untamed beings no easy task. The Indians never control their children, nor will they suffer them to be controlled by others; and as knowledge was as yet of no value in their eyes, the only method of obtaining even an occasional attendance was by giving them one meal in the day, and providing them with warm clothing in the winter. The interior of the schoolroom presented for some time a strange scene of confusion and disorder.

"If," says Mr. Cockran, "we had the same number of the wildest birds in the forest let loose in a room, we should not find it more difficult to move among them. They run in and out, learn or play, according to their pleasure, quarrel with each other, and always seek to settle their quarrels by the knife or the bow and arrow. To assume anything like authority would be to drive them away."

Mr. Cockran, however, was happy in finding a master. Mr. Cook, who partook of his own devotedness and perseverance; and by gentle persuasion and almost imperceptible restraint, succeeded by degrees in bringing the school into something like order. The children began to take pleasure in learning, the knife and the bows and arrows were reserved for more fitting use, and in about two years the school assumed the appearance which we have described in the preceding chapter. Not that it was possible ever to bring it to the regularity of an English school. The susceptibility of the boys to the complaint called "thinking long," made it necessary for Mr. Cook to allow them to go out to hunt or fish whenever they liked; and yet even with this precaution several of them died.

The first year that cultivation was attempted here the crops were tolerably good, and Mr. Cockran urged them to reserve a sufficient quantity for seed for the ensuing spring; but in vain: they could not overcome their own habits of improvidence, nor resist the importunities of their wandering relations.

"My relations from the woods," replied Red Deer to Mr. Cockran, "come to me and say, 'My brother, you are rich, you have a house, you are warm, you eat, but we are cold and hungry;' so I let them come and warm themselves at my fire, and sleep in my room. I cook for them, they eat; and when they go away,

they say 'Give us a little to take away.' I give, I give, but they are scarcely gone when others come. I cook, I give, I give, they soon will have the whole."

It was easier to Red Deer to give till all was gone, and then to depend on Mr. Cockran for support, than to refuse those idle wanderers, or to help them only on the condition that in the spring they would help themselves.

The consequence was that they were left without seed-corn or potatoes; and as the store of the Missionaries was too low to afford them any effectual assistance, their fields in 1834 would have remained unsown, and all the improvement that had taken place would have been lost, had not the people at the Rapids nobly come forward to their assistance; and though themselves straitened by having to repair the injury done to their own church by lightning, generously sent them a large supply of wheat, barley, and potatoes, for seed.

Gradually, however, the Indians improved in these respects; and we have seen the testimony which Mr. Cockran himself bore of the state of the village two years and a half after its commencement.

The erection of a mill had greatly aided in this improvement; hitherto the people had been accustomed to dry the corn in a pan and bruise it between two stones; but this mill not only enabled them to get proper meal, and make it into wholesome bread, but it seemed to develope a new character in them. Nothing that had yet been done had served to rouse them so effectually from their natural apathy as this did. On the day on which it was first used, Mr. Cockran rode down to see it, and found the whole village in a state of bustle and excitement. Some were threshing their corn, some carrying it to the mill on their shoulders, or dragging it on a

sledge, while an eager group were at the mill itself, waiting till their turn should come, or handling the meal as it fell into the box, scarcely able to persuade themselves that this was indeed the produce of their own industry.

The improvement in their moral and religious state kept pace with that of their social habits. From the first, their minister had, while assisting them in their work, taken every opportunity of scattering the seeds of Divine truth, though for some time there was no appearance of its taking root. In December 1833, he commenced a weekly evening meeting, but for some time with little to cheer him. The attendance was very small; some were afraid of hearing their sins condemned; others were conjurers, who imagined that if they listened to the Word of God their magical power would depart from them; and Mr. Cockran's homeward ride of thirteen miles, often through storm and snow, was saddened with the feeling that he was spending his strength for nought.

But before very long a little gleam of light appeared; the few who did attend continued very steadily, and seemed impressed. Early in the spring a woman applied for baptism, others followed her example, and after a few months of diligent instruction the foundation of a Christian Church was laid here by the baptism of ten adults and as many children.

It was soon after this that Mr. Cockran was summoned to a distressing scene. One of the Indians, who had a cottage and field, and who had for many months regularly attended the means of grace, and conducted himself with the greatest propriety, had, for some time past, wished to be baptized; but his wife and mother so

violently opposed this that he deferred speaking to Mr Cockran on the subject, hoping that their prejudice would subside. After a while he was taken ill; and the wife and mother, notwithstanding his entreaties to the contrary, sent for the conjurer, who invoked the spirits of the wind, the forest, the sea, and the dead, to restore him to health.

We may suppose the distress this caused to the poor man, but it led him to a determination no longer to delay sending for his minister, whom he entreated to baptize him. Mr. Cockran, anxious to know the state of his mind, attempted to enter into conversation with him, but the two women, unmindful of the sick man's suffering, assailed them both with such a torrent of abuse, that conversation was impossible. With great difficulty Mr. Cockran prevailed on them to leave the house; and then, when all was quiet, and he had ascertained his fitness for the rite, he baptized him and two of his children, who attended the school. Two days afterwards he died in peace, the first-fruits of the Indian Village.

A few months later, Mr. Cockran had the privilege of baptizing several other persons, some of whose cases were very interesting, and none, perhaps, more so than that of the widow of the man above-mentioned, who, having been softened and awakened to a concern for her soul by the conduct and death of her husband, began to attend the weekly meetings, received regular instruction, and at last joined herself to the people of the Lord.

In January 1835, Mr. Cockran began an afternoon's service on the Lord's day; more he could not attempt, for his own congregation occupied him in the morning and the evening; and he could expect no help from Mr.

Jones, on whom lay the charge of the Upper and Middle churches. Early in the following year, the number of regular attendants had increased to 100; and the almost unhoped-for prospect of an Indian Church began to open upon him. His congregation at the Rapids took great interest in the plan, and with their accustomed liberality and kindness gave him all the help in their power, some of them walking twenty-six miles to give him an occasional day's work gratuitously.

The Indians themselves were very much pleased with the idea, but whether from any remains of a superstitious feeling, or only from their natural apathy, could not be induced to set about digging the foundations, till, in June 1836, Mr. Cockran began the work with his own hands. They then readily joined him, and the work was carried on with such spirit, that before the end of the year the church was completed, and this fresh testimony for God on the banks of Red River was added to the pretty picture already described.*

This steady industry was the more encouraging, as the want of the supplies from England prevented Mr. Cockran from being able fully to remunerate them for their work, or to give the usual supply of clothing to their children. Their own crops, too, had failed, and they were often entirely dependent for their support on

* Mr. Jones, alluding to a service he held here in the following summer, speaks of the scene as most picturesque:—

"The clump of trees in which the church stands was in full foliage, the doors and windows were open on account of the heat, and the eye caught glimpses of the river gliding past in glassy smoothness between the trunks of ancient and decaying trees. The people before me were all Indians, the feeble remains of a nation passing into oblivion."

a hook or a net let down through ice three feet in thickness. And yet these people would go entirely without food, rather than either hunt or fish on the Lord's day.

At length the time arrived when the Church was to be opened, and January 4, 1837, was fixed on for the purpose.

It was not only the eye of the Indian that glistened with thankful joy on that occasion. The weather was stormy and bitterly cold, the snow fell so fast that the track was invisible, yet so great an interest had been felt in the erection of this Church, that all the officers of the Company within reach, and a large number of settlers from the neighbourhood, made their way through storm and snow to be present at the opening of it.

The little Church was full, and few among the assembled throng could remain unmoved at the sight of above two hundred of these once half-naked savages, now "clothed and in their right mind," joining with seriousness in the responses, listening attentively to the sermon, or, with sweet and well-tuned voices, singing the praises of Him who had done such great things for them. Mr. Cockran's own heart overflowed with gratitude, and even Mr. Jones's sorrow-stricken spirit was filled with joy.

There was one present on that joyful day whose eye shone as brightly, and whose heart glowed as fervently as any there, and to whom Mr. Cockran looked for future usefulness, but who was soon, in the inscrutable Providence of God, called up from the congregation on earth to join the company of the redeemed above. This was one of the sons of the Chief, who had been brought up in the school, and whose heart had been opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. He had at his bap-

tism received the name of George Prince; and finding he was a clever lad, Mr. Cockran took him to reside with him, that he might be further instructed in the Holy Scriptures, and might acquire a better knowledge of English.

Nothing could be more satisfactory than his conduct. His anxious desire to impart to his countrymen a knowledge of the Saviour whom he had himself found and loved, stimulated him to a steady application to his studies, while, in the intervals of relaxation, he showed none of the usual indolence and selfishness of the Indian character. He would never see Mr. Cockran at work without coming to assist him; and though often scoffed at by some passing Indians, who would call him "slave," and hold him up to ridicule, this never moved him from his purpose nor roused his spirit.

Thus he went on, "a faithful friend and willing helper" to his benefactor, till the autumn of 1837, when he seemed unwell; and Mr. Cockran, knowing the prejudices still remaining in the Indian mind against European nursing, sent him home: here he grew worse, medical advice was of no avail; he lingered for three weeks, and then fell asleep in Jesus. During this period he gave abundant proof of the reality of the work of the Holy Spirit in his heart. His faith and hope rested unhesitatingly on Christ, whom he boldly confessed before his people, begging his father and his friends not to weep for him, as he was going to live with God, where he should be for ever happy, and urging on them to learn the way of salvation, so that when they died he should meet them again. His earthly remains now rest in the little churchyard of the Indian Village.

During the last two years the settlement had been gradually increased by the arrival of families from a distance, and now extended at intervals nearly three miles along the river. Some of the inhabitants still remained heathen, but at the time of the opening of the Church there were, we are told, forty-seven Christian families, consisting of two hundred and sixty individuals, residing there, and listening to the sound of the Gospel. Great had been the change effected by that sound. Formerly they had been addicted to every crime, but all had been renounced. Drunkenness and licentiousness, heretofore so general, were now not to be found; and though they still had many peculiarities and infirmities, and many old habits were still cleaving to them, yet their hearts' desire was to serve God wholly, and to love their neighbours as themselves. The congregation averaged above two hundred, and nowhere could a more devout and attentive one be met with. Their heathen neighbours had become more orderly, for in 1835, when Divine worship was first established, the services were often interrupted by the din of the conjurer's drum, but now all was quiet, and the Sabbath was as well observed there as in any English village. "Little, indeed, still," says Mr. Cockran, "when compared with other Missions, or with the wide extent of heathenism around, yet great when compared with former days, or when viewed in the light of eternity."

The number of Christians continued to increase; and one interesting case, among others, was that of a noted conjurer, who had taken up his residence here some time before, but continued violently opposed to Christianity. When his children came to school, it was with the imprecations of his gods upon their heads; and

when his daughter, who was soon able to read, tried to persuade him to listen to some of God's Word, he would sneer at her, and tell her she was going to ruin. After this he gave her in marriage to a heathen man, who had come from some distant place; and when the poor girl entreated that she should not be obliged to accompany him, her father forced her into the canoe with his own paddle. Unable to endure the miseries of her new life, she made her escape at the beginning of the winter, and returned to the village. Soon after, she and two of her brothers were taken ill, and were very anxious to be baptized, when the strong feeling of parental affection overcame every other, and the father himself took the message to Mr. Cockran. Mr. Cockran gladly consented, but only on condition that he would himself bring them to the Church, and publicly declare that he would allow them the free exercise of their religion. It was a great struggle for the poor man, for he feared that if he entered a Christian place of worship his occult art would depart from him; but at last he ventured to the door, and gradually moved into the Church itself to witness the baptism of his children. It seems to have made an impression upon him, for he soon after put himself under Christian instruction, and was baptized in the summer of 1837. After his conversion he assured Mr. Cockran that his former conjuring was not imposture, and that he was convinced he had the power of invoking spirits, who would answer his questions, and sing and dance at his command. He told him that he had obtained the power by fasting for eight days for this express purpose

But a still more interesting case was that of the Chief himself, Pigwys, in whom we doubt not that our readers

have already felt some concern. They will remember the doubts and difficulties with which he gave his consent to Mr. Cockran to endeavour to form an Indian settlement; but from the time that consent was given he never wavered, continuing firm and faithful, notwithstanding the violent opposition of his tribe, who were made still more angry by seeing the Crees profiting by the advantages which they themselves continued to refuse.

They went so far as to set up his eldest son as a rival to him, intending to deprive him of his chieftainship, but the scheme failed, and the young man left the neighbourhood and joined a distant portion of the tribe.

Throughout all this affair, Pigwys behaved with the greatest moderation; indeed, the whole of his character was undergoing a complete change, his old habits of sin were broken through, and he appeared not far from the kingdom of God. He had for a long time regularly attended all the means of grace, had sent his children to the school, and, as we have seen, had allowed one of them to be baptized.

The illness and death of this young man were severe trials to his father's faith: his heathen friends gathered round him, attributing his illness to his having forsaken the religion of his forefathers, and eagerly pressing to have the usual conjurations performed for him. But the good old man steadfastly refused. "Brethren," he said, "you are too late; I have given up my heart to this new religion, and I intend to prove that I can leave my son in the hands of God."

All this time Pigwys remained unbaptized; he had often applied for baptism; he had given up his old sins·

and drunkenness, which had been his besetting one, was no longer a habit; but Mr. Cockran knew that he could not always resist the invitation, when visiting at the Upper Settlement, to take *a little*, which often grew to *more*, and he still occasionally returned home in a state very unfit for a Christian.

But by the grace of God this last chain of sin was at last effectually broken through; and in February 1838, his minister had the joy of receiving this faithful, upright friend, into the fold of Christ's Church.

The distance of the Indian Village from the Rapids was a great disadvantage to the people, for though, notwithstanding the failure both in his health and spirits, Mr. Cockran never suffered either cold, or heat, or rain, or melting snow to interfere with his Sunday service there, yet it was but seldom that he could visit it during the week, and both himself and the people deeply felt the importance of having a resident clergyman among them.

In August 1838, Mr. Jones visited the village before he took his departure for England. He held divine service in the Church, and gave a parting address, after which Pigwys stepped into the aisle and said, "You have spoken as you always do, as a father to his children, and I wish all would listen to you. I send by you a letter to the Missionary men in England: tell them not to forget me—I want the word of life to be always spoken in my land."

Another Indian, a chief of the Muscaigoes, then came forward and spoke to the same effect, adding with great vehemence, "Tell them to make haste, time is short, and death is snatching away our friends very fast; tell them to make haste." There were from 200 to 250 In-

dians present, and as Mr. Jones stood at the church door to shake hands with each one as he passed, there was scarcely a dry eye among them. How different from the stoical indifference of their former character! (P. 12.)

The following is the letter sent by the Chief to the Church Missionary Society, accompanied with a calumet, or pipe of peace, made of the peculiar red stone considered sacred among them :—

"My Friends, "*August*, 1, 1838.

"It has never been my custom to leave off in the midst of my work, but to finish it off hand; and what I said to you in my former letter I intend to adhere to, to the end of my life. My friends, my heart is sore to see our praying-master (Mr. Cockran) driven about like a slave, to teach all the people here. You cannot know how far he has to go; I think you are killing our friend; you should send another to teach us. My friends, what are you about? There is not a summer but some of the French praying masters arrive, but I do not wish to go to them; I wish you alone to teach me the word of God. I am getting very old, my friends, but there are young people growing up who are instructed to seek everlasting life, and I sincerely hope they will find it. I do not now look so much to my body as to my soul, and I intend therefore to hold fast to your instructions. It was fully my intention that my son, whose hand wrote to you for me last year, should have been useful to you, but he is now no more; he has left me for ever; he sleeps by your church, and I hope to sleep there too. I hope, therefore, you will more particularly consider my case. You may, perhaps, be discouraged as you hear that many of my young men do not wish to follow your doctrine; but, you know, perseverance goes a great way, and I think in time many will be brought in.

"WILLIAM KING,
"*Chief of the Red River Indians.*"

So anxious was the good old man upon this subject, that as Mr. Jones was getting into his canoe he again

came up to him and said, "Do you send me a letter next spring, that I may know what to expect."

Several others of the principal men sent also a letter to the Committee, but we must reserve this for the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIAN VILLAGE—RAPIDS—BURNING OF PRAIRIES.

"I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon."—*Hosea*, xiv. 5.

At the end of the last chapter we promised our readers that we would lay before them the letter sent to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society by some of the principal men at the Indian Village, and though, as they will find, it differs considerably from that of their chief, it contains, as that did, the genuine expressions of the feelings of our Red brethren. It is as follows:—

"August 1, 1838.

"Servants of the Great God,

"We once more call to you for help, and hope our cry will avail. You sent us what you called the word of God; we left our hunting-grounds, and came to hear it. But we did not altogether like it, for it told us to leave off drunkenness and adultery, to keep only one wife, to cast away our idols and all our bad heathen ways; but as it still repeated to us that, if we did not, the great God would send us to the great devil's fire; by the goodness of God we saw at last it was true. We now like the word of God, and we have left off our sins; we have cast away our rattles, our drums, and our idols, and all our bad heathen ways. But what are we to do, our friends? Mr. Jones is going to leave us; Mr. Cockran talks of it. Must we turn to our idols and gods again? or must we turn to the French praying-masters? We see three French praying-masters have come to the River and not one for us! What is this, our friends? The word of God says that one soul is worth more than all the world; surely then, our friends, three hundred souls are worth one praying-

master! It is not once or twice a week teaching that is enough to make us wise; we have a bad heart, and we hate our bad hearts and all our evil ways, and we wish to cast them all away, and we hope in time, by the help of God, to be able to do it. But have patience, our friends; we hope our children will do better, and will learn to read God's book, so as to go forth to their country people to tell them the way of life, and that many may be saved from the great devil's fire.

"We hope you will pity us, and hear our cry, and send us a father to live with us here to teach us. We thank you all for what you have done for us, and for sending us the Word of Life, and may the great God be kind to you all. We feel our hearts sore when we think of you all, and the praying-masters that are here: we pray for you and for them, and shall still do so."

These letters, as might be expected, were read with great interest by the Committee: and our readers will be glad to find that, after some little time, they felt themselves enabled to answer the appeal.

In the meantime the departure of Mr. Jones left the colony more destitute than before; the care of the four churches and their congregations, extending thirty miles along the river, lay entirely on Mr. Cockran, and we can only thankfully rejoice that he was enabled, though "in weariness and painfulness," to continue thus alone at his post for fourteen months, till the arrival of the Rev. W. Smithurst in the autumn of 1839.

Except in summer, when boats could pass up and down the river, the communication between the Rapids and the Indian settlement was at this time very difficult. There was no road for the latter half of the distance; and though, in winter, Mr. Cockran could ride with safety along the frozen surface of the stream, in spring and autumn this course was scarcely practicable. Often the surface would thaw, and freeze again with a deceitful crust of ice, too thin to bear his weight, and at every

step his horse's feet would sink, through several inches of water, to the unthawed mass below, while the half-thawed, half-freezing mud upon the banks was still more perilous.

Though undeterred by these or any other difficulties,* his progress was, of course, frequently delayed; but his congregations never seem to have been weary of waiting for him, and on one occasion he tells us that he found on his arrival they had been four hours in the church.

An occasional Sunday service was all that Mr. Cockran could now give to the people of the Indian Village; yet, notwithstanding the scantiness of the means of grace, evidences were not wanting that that Holy Spirit, who, "like a dew from the Lord, tarrieth not for man nor waiteth for the sons of men," was still carrying on his work among them.

One case was that of a young man who had for some time been under the influence of religion, and who now lay on his dying bed. Mr. Cockran asked him—

"'Joseph, what do you wish me to do for you?' 'I have sent for you, sir, to pray for me just here,' pointing to his bedside. 'When I was strong and could go to church, I felt happy in the

* Speaking of his Sundays in the winter of this and other years, he says—"I leave home with my heart glowing with love, and with a desire to praise God and proclaim the message of salvation to my fellow-creatures. I ride on; a snow-storm drifting in my face almost blinds my horse and myself, my hands and my feet are benumbed, my face perhaps blistered with the intensity of the frost—the chill reaches the heart, and I seem to have lost all spiritual feeling. But when I hear two hundred voices joining to sing the praises of Him whom lately they knew not, my heart grows warm again; I remember His promise who has said 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' and I, too, can rejoice in Him."

worship of God; and as long as I could kneel down here and pray, I found my heart light: but now I cannot rise, my heart is heavy and cold as ice, and I fear it is not well with me.' 'Do you,' asked Mr. Cockran, 'believe that the Son of God is able and willing to save you?' 'Yes, entirely,' answered the youth; 'and it is by looking to Him that my heart has been drawn away from the world; and I now rejoice that I am going out of it. In heaven I shall be near God, and He will make me happy. I sometimes feel a little afraid when I think of the change, but I say to myself that Jesus is there, and He will call me to come near Him: and then all my fears go."

More conversation of the same kind ensued, till a poor woman who was present, quite overcome, hid her face in her blanket, and began to sob, crying out, "Oh, I would give the whole world if I could have such a hope on my dying bed!"

On the 20th of September, 1839, to the great joy of Mr. Cockran, Mr. Smithurst arrived to take charge of this congregation: and, anxious to enter on his work without delay, he took up his abode at once in an unfinished dwelling, which had been begun for him near the church.

Mr. Cockran assembled the people to introduce their new minister, and to bid them farewell as no longer his own flock. Drawing a picture of their former state, he called on them to compare with it their present condition, led them to consider the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and, deeply affected himself, drew tears from Mr. Smithurst and most of the congregation.

Mr. Smithurst was surprised and encouraged by the state in which he found the village. The congregation was serious and devout, the school was regularly attended, and the children were quiet and orderly in

their general conduct. There were now ninety-eight in the day-school, and on Sundays these were joined by fifty-eight adults.*

Mr. Cook, the schoolmaster, had regularly met as many of the people as could come, for reading the Scriptures and for prayer, every evening in the school-room; and another man, Peter Carrigel, instructed the elder boys at his own house. It was pleasant also to find, that when the men were absent on a hunting or fishing expedition, it was their constant practice to return home on the Saturday and go back on the Monday (thus losing three days in every week), if within reach; or if too distant, they would spend the Sunday together, reading the church service, singing hymns, and talking over passages of the Bible.

We might here introduce details from Mr. Smithurst's journal, which would enable our readers to realise somewhat of every-day life on the banks of the Red River. We could tell of the candles for his use being made on the premises, of his corn being threshed on the frozen river, of the store of provisions laid in in autumn for himself, his farm-servants, and the passing stranger; no less a quantity than 2000 pounds of dried buffalo meat, and a still larger proportion of beef and mutton, which had to be frozen before it was stored up, as it would be eight months before fresh meat could be again procured.

* One of these was an old woman, who had attended regularly for six years, without having yet accomplished learning the alphabet; yet she would not give it up; and some time after told Mr. Smithurst with great joy that she now knew all the letters except three! A good example of perseverance to those with better opportunities.

Or we might describe our missionary's early rides * on Sunday mornings to take the service at the Rapids, while Mr Cockran undertook the Upper and Middle Churches; sometimes through storm and snow, his shoes freezing to the stirrup, and icicles of frozen breath hanging round his horse's mouth; or sometimes, on a brighter winter morning, filled with admiration as he rode through woods of aspen, birch, and poplar, whose stems and larger branches, catching the rays of the rising sun, shone like burnished gold, while the icicles on the smaller twigs sparkled like diamonds.

In summer it was a different scene that met his view: the trees were clothed with their varied foliage, and adorned with a vast profusion of wild roses; while here and there, between their stems, the river was seen pursuing its onward course. And for the last five miles the open country was covered with flowers of every form and hue, among which the brilliant yellow lady's slipper was the most conspicuous.

There was one feature in the prospect that never varied. In all seasons, and in all weathers, no sooner did our Sunday traveller come out upon the plains than he saw persons gathering from all quarters, some on foot, some in their carioles, hastening even at this early hour to the church; for the congregation had so outgrown the place for its assembling, that those who did not reach it an hour, or sometimes two hours, before the time of service could find no admittance.†

* Mr. Smithurst had employed some of the people in making a road along the banks of the river.

† There would at this time have been from 700 to 800 attendants at public worship at the Rapids, had there been room: the number of communicants was 145.

But we must not wander from the Indian Village; and we have better things to speak of there than pleasant rides and brilliant flowers—even those things that accompany salvation, but our limits will only allow of our mentioning two of these.

The first relates to the good old chief, Pigwys, the reality of whose Christian principles was about this time put to a severe test. Our readers will remember the undutiful conduct of his eldest son, and the subsequent removal of this young man to a distance. He had continued in his heathen state, still opposed to Christianity, when in the winter of this year his father was overwhelmed with the intelligence that this son, still so dearly loved, had, in an agony of grief for the loss of one of his own children, committed suicide.

Pigwys sent for the body, and, clinging to his child even in death, requested that it might be interred in the churchyard, close to the spot he had chosen for his own grave. It was difficult to refuse him, but the missionaries felt that they had no alternative; they softened, however, the refusal as much as possible, by stating their reasons, and offering that it should be buried just beyond the boundary.

The feelings of the poor father were deeply wounded, but after a short pause, during which, doubtless, pride and parental affection were struggling with higher principles, he acknowledged that they were right, and with a touching gentleness submitted to the disappointment.

The corpse had been prepared after the Indian customs, sewed up in a blanket, with the hunting, fishing, and war implements of the deceased; the face was painted red, red feathers were in the hair, beads in the nose and ears, and a necklace round the neck. As soon

as it arrived, the chief had it stripped of every badge of heathenism and put into a coffin, and employed Christian bearers to carry it to the ground. It was in January; the wind was blowing a hurricane, the air was darkened with drifting snow, the thermometer stood at 8° below zero, and Mr. Smithurst, who could see the whole proceedings from his window, concluded that as soon as the grave was covered in, the party (for many heathen relations had come to attend the funeral) would disperse. But they still stood round the grave, and presently he saw that the Chief was addressing them with great earnestness; the faith and love of the good old man rose above his grief, and he was taking advantage of the solemn occasion to invite his unbelieving countrymen to Christ.

The other incident refers to some of the boat's crew who had in the preceding autumn brought Mr. Smithurst from York Fort to Norway House. They were seven in number, and all were heathens; the voyage lasted twenty-one days, and fain would our missionary have spoken to them of the things that would make for their eternal peace, but they did not understand English, and he had no interpreter. All he could do was to pray for them. In the course of the voyage one of them was taken suddenly ill, and appeared to be dying.

"I cannot," writes Mr. Smithurst, "describe my feelings; we were a hundred miles from any human habitation—I knew he was a heathen, I believed he was expiring in my arms, and I was unable to say one word to him, or to point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. With uplifted eyes he surveyed the blue expanse of heaven, and uttered a piercing shriek, which told of suffering without hope. If ever I prayed sincerely, it was that God would spare him till he should hear the Gospel, and I heartily thank the Father of

mercies that He heard my prayers. I gave him some medicine I had with me, and the disease abated; but during the rest of the voyage he was unable to do anything, and I was obliged to attend to him myself till we reached Norway House."

At Norway House Mr. Smithurst parted from his companions, and though we cannot doubt but that these men were often remembered by him at a throne of grace, yet he probably never expected to see them again in the flesh.

But early in the next year (1840), he was told that two Indians wished to speak to him, and to his surprise and pleasure he found they were part of his former crew, and that one of them was the very man who had been so ill. He took the opportunity of thanking them for all the kindness they had shewn him on the voyage, and was affected by their answering, "that they knew he had come to teach their countrymen the way of life, and felt therefore that they ought to do all they could for him."

One of them, it seemed, had visited the Indian Village in the preceding winter, and what he then heard from Mr. Cockran so impressed him, that he had given up his heathen practices for some time past. They had now both of them come from Norway House (300 miles) to put themselves regularly under Christian instruction. After due time Mr. Smithurst baptized them. "Little," says he, "did I think, while travelling those 600 miles with them, that they would be the first Indians I should baptize! How mysterious are Thy ways, O Lord of Hosts! O merciful Father, keep them both by Thy grace through faith unto life eternal."

A few weeks later Mr. Smithurst had the privilege of baptizing another of the crew, who had also come

down for the purpose; so that now three of the seven for whom he had so anxiously prayed, were Christians.

The occasion of his son's funeral was far from being the only instance of Pigwys' endeavours to lead his own people to Christianity. We have before spoken of his anxiety on this point (page 109); and in September 1840, he convened a general meeting of all the Saulteaux in the neighbourhood upon the subject, and invited Mr. Smithurst to accompany him.

The men seated themselves in a circle, and the Chief, Mr. Smithurst, and an interpreter, stood in the midst. The Missionary first addressed them, setting before them the leading truths of the Gospel,—the fall—the consequent corruption of human nature—the redemption offered to fallen man through the merits and death of the Saviour,—assuring them that there was "no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Pigwys followed, and spoke for nearly an hour, with great energy and eloquence. He urged them to attend to the message of salvation, to send their children to the school, and to come themselves to church: telling them, that in addition to his prospects for eternity, his temporal condition was greatly improved, and his mind was at peace.

But the Saulteaux continued unmoved, and not one of the whole assembly was willing to follow the example of their Chief and the few others of their tribe who had joined the Crees at the Indian Village.

We will here introduce a few words from our Missionary's Journal, written in the first spring after his arrival at his station:—

"1840. May 4 and 5.—In heart with friends at home, thought of this time last year, and longed to be among them, but

remembered that *here* is the reality of the work. There is more in *seeing* what God has done, than in *hearing* about it from others.

"May 6.—The Meeting of the Bible Society. Here are the poor Indian children, reading the very Bibles the Society supplied me with twelve months ago!"

The account of the Indian Village has so engrossed us, that we seem to have almost lost sight of the Rapids: but it is not really so; and if space permitted, we might continue at some length the history of the work of grace there, that we began in our fourth chapter. We must, however, content ourselves with two instances.

Returning from the Middle Church one Sunday afternoon, Mr. Cockran fell in with one of his people, whose son had gone on a long journey near to the Rocky Mountains. He entered into conversation with him, and was thankful to find the spirit in which they had parted from each other. The father earnestly pressed upon the young man the importance of reading the Bible as often as he had opportunity, and of never omitting to pray at least twice in the day.

"My son," said he, "as long as you have lived at home, you have seen me pray; you have gone to church and heard that God is love. When you go through the plains you will no longer see me praying, you will no longer be told of your God and Saviour. There you will meet with men whose hearts are cruel, who would like to drive an arrow through your heart, take the scalp from your head, and drink your blood.* My son, when night comes on,

---

* This was no imaginary danger, for even several years later the Missionary at the Cumberland Station (to which we shall shortly introduce our readers) writes:—

"Feb. 12, 1849.—During last summer about forty Plain Indians were killed by war parties on the banks of this very

before you close your eyes in sleep, ask your God to look on you, and spread his hand over you; for that you are alone, far from home, and have no other friend but Him. When morning comes, ask Him to go with you on your way, to turn bad men on one side, that they may not meet you. Never forget that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Trust in it; God has accepted it for your soul, and through it you and I shall meet in heaven."

The father added to Mr. Cockran:—

"My heart was light when I saw my son take his Bible and some tracts, and when he squeezed my hand with tears in his eyes, and said, 'I will remember Him who is over all till we meet again.'"

The other was a little girl, who was burnt by one of those destructive fires with which the prairies of North America are not unfrequently visited.* One of these

river on which we are residing (the Saskatchewan). On one occasion, nineteen Black-Feet Indians came to the Cree camp, near Fort Pitt, and being perceived by the Crees, the alarm was given. The Crees immediately sprang to their horses, and in less than an hour the whole nineteen of the Black-Feet Indians were killed; their scalps floating in the air, suspended to long poles; their hands and feet hung to the tails and necks of the horses; and the women mutilating the bodies in the most shocking manner."

* The burning of the prairies is spoken of as one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes in the country. These prairies sometimes extend for hundreds of miles and are covered with grass; where this is thin and short, as on the more elevated lands, the fire creeps on slowly, giving the animals time to escape, but sometimes the flames are driven forward by a strong wind over prairies where the grass is seven or eight feet high, and are then most terrific, often destroying whole parties of Indians, though on their fleetest horses. Not that the fire travels as fast as a horse at full speed, but the grass is so entangled with creeping plants that grow among it, that the only way of getting through is by following the zigzag paths of the deer and

occurred in the neighbourhood of the Rapids, in October 1839. Driven by a strong south wind it came rolling impetuously along the plain, like a sea of fire, the flames curling over the outstanding stacks of hay and corn, and spreading desolation for miles around. Much property was destroyed, and several persons narrowly escaped the flames, but this poor little girl and her mother and two sisters were overtaken by them, and so

the buffalo. Sometimes too the dense cloud of smoke that is swept before the fire alarms the horse, and he stands terrified and immoveable, till the pieces of burning grass, tossed by the wind, fall before him, and in a moment new fires burst out all around.

The Indians believe these fires to be kindled by supernatural means. "Over this beautiful plain," said one of them to Mr. Catlin, when entering upon one of these magnificent prairies, "dwells the spirit of fire. He rides on yonder cloud; his face blackens with rage at the sound of the trampling hoofs; the fire-bow is in his hand; he draws it across the path of the Indian, and, quicker than lightning, a thousand fires rise to destroy him." They had proceeded some distance, when Red Thunder (for such was the name of this Indian) began to show signs of anxiety; he threw himself on the ground, presently started up, and looked anxiously around, again threw himself down and lay with his face to the earth. After a little he sprang again to his feet, and stretching out his arm exclaimed with vehemence, "White man, see that small cloud rising from the prairie! He rises!—our horses' hoofs have waked him; the Fire Spirit is awake, this wind is from his nostrils and his face is towards us!" They flew to their horses, and urged them to their utmost speed,—the fire gained upon them,—it was like the roar of a distant cataract. The frightened eagle flew screaming over their heads; the heath-hen followed on slower wing, and the antelope and long-legged hare bounded pass them, escaping for their lives. They strained every sinew, and reached the barren bluff only just in time, rescued from, as it were, a sea of fire.—*Abridged from Catlin.*

severely burnt that they all died in the course of a few days. This child was the last survivor; she had always loved instruction, and, young as she was, had given evidence of piety, and now in her last extremity she knew where to find rest for her soul. During several days of suffering her only comfort was in prayer; every one who came to see her she would ask to pray with her; and when Mr. Cockran visited her she would ask him to talk to her "about heaven, where the saints of God serve Him day and night—where my father and my little sisters are, and where I expect soon to see them."

She afterwards begged Mr. Cockran, and those about her to sing to her "Jesu, lover of my soul," to the tune it was sung to in church; and her request having been complied with, she said, "I cannot now kneel, I am obliged to lie on my back day and night; but be so kind as to pray for me, and ask God not to be angry with me, but to pardon all my sins through His dear Son, and to take me to heaven."

Mr. Cockran commended her to God in prayer and thanksgiving, and shortly after her happy spirit fled.

CHAPTER IX.

THREATENED REDUCTION OF THE MISSION—VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF MONTREAL—DEPARTURE OF THE REV. W. COCKRAN.

"Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."—1 *Cor.* xii. 26, 27.

THE year 1842 opened brightly on the mission-field in Rupert's Land. We have seen the state of the Indian Village, and of the congregation at the Rapids; and those of the Upper and Middle Churches had continued also to go on well. Nor was it only that the stakes of this spiritual tabernacle were thus strengthened, she had likewise lengthened her cords: a new station had been formed on Cumberland Lake; and the Rev. A. Cowley, who arrived in 1841, had availed himself of an apparent opening on the Lake Manitoba.

The only drawback was the state of Mr. Cockran's health. The Committee at home had frequently urged him to pay a visit to his native land, that he might recruit his strength and refresh his spirits. This he had steadfastly declined,—fearing, he said, lest the comforts of an English home should withdraw his affections from his few poor sheep in the wilderness. But at last his declining health had induced him to

request permission to withdraw altogether from the work, and he was only waiting to hear of the appointment of a successor before he should retire with his family to Canada.

It was at this juncture that our Missionaries received the unexpected and overwhelming intelligence that, in consequence of the financial difficulties of the Society, their Missions on the Red River must be reduced, and the out-stations abandoned. It is not easy to conceive how heavily this blow fell on the hearts of these devoted men, who were spending their lives and strength in the work. Must, then, all the ground that had been so hardly won be given up again? Must those few sheep who had been gathered into the fold be driven back into the wilderness of Heathenism, or the poisonous pastures of Popery? They could not bear to think of it. Mr. Smithurst writes,—

"If our friends at home did but know the anxiety your letter has caused, I am sure they would redouble their efforts to provide a remedy. Were the Indians averse to instruction, or did we see no fruit from our labours, we might relinquish our posts with less regret; but our churches are crowded, our schools are crowded, and the cry is (from the Cries more especially), 'Send us more teachers; give us the word of God.'"

Mr. Cockran's appeal was still stronger:—

"Thousands of pounds are not equal to the value of one soul, and for this shall we abandon our Missions? Oh, no, dear Christian friends, we must not so soon weary in keeping possession for Christ; we must occupy till He come. He who wept over Jerusalem is surely ready to weep over us, when such a thought enters our hearts. He seems to say to us from heaven, 'Have I not redeemed you? Have I not prepared a mansion for you in my Father's kingdom? Why regard your stuff? Is

not the land where God dwells your own, and is not He Himself your portion? Will ye, then, suffer My cause to fail from love of this world?'"*

Nor did the Missionaries content themselves with words; they endeavoured, by the most rigid economy and self-denial, so to reduce the expenses of the Missions as to avert the threatened blow. Mr. Cockran gave up for the present his intention of removing into Canada, and as he received a small stipend from the Hudson's Bay Company as chaplain, determined to make that suffice; and for two years forbore to draw from the Church Missionary Society the portion of his salary due from thence,† though we find, from some of his neighbours, that by so doing he and his family were subjected to privations not often experienced even by industrious cottagers at home.

By the good providence of Him in whose hands are the hearts of all, the income of the Society increased again during the year; and the letters received in 1843 relieved the minds of the Missionaries from their suspense of twelve months, and enabled them to pursue their work with fresh energy.

* See how any diminution of the income of the Society is felt in its most distant missions! And let us *individually* remember, that by withdrawing our own annual sovereign or weekly penny, we are *ourselves* bearing a part in causing this distress.

† This was not the first instance of the kind, for a similar reduction of the Mission had been contemplated some years before, and we find, in consequence of this, the following entry among the benefactions for June 1830:—

"Rev W. Cockran, arrears of salary which had accumulated during four years . . . . . £54 8*s.* 0*d.*"

In the summer of 1811 the hearts of our brethren were cheered, and their hands strengthened, by a visit from the Bishop of Montreal, who, with a kindness and self-forgetfulness which can scarcely be too warmly appreciated, undertook a journey of twice one thousand eight hundred miles in an open canoe for the benefit of this infant Mission.

His route lay across the Lakes of Nipissin and Huron, along the treacherous waters of Lake Superior, and then through rivers rendered almost impassable by frequent cataracts and rapids, till, after thirty-eight days of exposure and fatigue, he entered Lake Winnipeg, near the mouth of the Red River, on June the 22d.

We will not spoil the interesting account of this expedition, which the Bishop allowed to be published, by attempting to abridge it; we will only make a few extracts, which will throw additional light upon our subject.

It was Saturday when he and his little party entered the lake, and they hoped to reach the Indian Village before nightfall; but a violent storm obliged them to lay to under the banks, and they did not arrive till Sunday morning, after a night of weariness and discomfort. The Bishop then proceeds:—

"It was about nine o'clock, and within half an hour of the time for Divine Worship. The sight that greeted us was one that can never be forgotten by me, and the recollection will always be coupled with feelings of devout thankfulness to God, and warm appreciation of the blessings conferred by the Church Missionary Society. After travelling for above a month through an inhospitable wilderness, and meeting, at intervals, with such specimens of the heathen savage as I have described, we came at once, and without any intermediate gradations in the aspect of things, upon the establishment formed on the low margin of

the river for the same race of people in their Christian state; and on the morning of the Lord's own blessed day we saw them already gathering round their pastor, who was before his door, the children collecting in the same manner with their books in their hands. All were decently clothed from head to foot, and there was a repose and steadiness in their deportment, the seeming indication of a high and controlling influence on their characters and hearts. Around were their humble dwellings, with the commencement of their farms; cattle were grazing in the meadows; the modest parsonage, with its garden, and the simple but decent church, with the school-house as its appendage, forming the leading objects in the picture, and carrying on the face of them the promise of blessing. We were amply repaid for all the toils and exposure of the night. My chaplain naturally felt as I did; and my servant, an Englishman, to whom everything in the journey was new, told me afterwards that he could hardly restrain his tears. Nor was it a worthless testimony that was rendered by one of our old *voyageurs*, a French Canadian Roman Catholic, when, addressing my servant, he said, 'There are *your* Christian Indians; it would be well if all the whites were as good as they are.'

"We were greeted by Mr. Smithurst at the water's edge; and having refreshed ourselves under his roof, we proceeded to church. There were, perhaps, two hundred and fifty present, all Indians; and nothing can be more reverential and solemn than the demeanour and bearing of these people in public worship. Their costume has a hybrid kind of character, partly European and partly Indian. The women, for the most part, still wear the blanket, or else a piece of dark cloth thrown over the head, with the hair parted smoothly on the forehead. All wear mocassins, as do the missionaries, and almost all the Europeans in the colony.

"The Morning Service is in English, but the Lessons are rendered into the Indian tongue by Mr. Cook, the schoolmaster, who also rendered my sermon sentence by sentence.

"The Evening Service is in the Indian language, which Mr. Smithurst has mastered to a considerable degree, but the Lessons are read as in the Morning. About two thirds of the congregation are said to understand a simple address in English; and,

Mr. Cowley came from Manitoba Lake to receive priest's orders, and the Bishop ordained Mr. M. Albin [illegible] in charge of a school at the Upper Settlement, [illegible] deacon and priest. Altogether, he spent seventeen [illegible] in the colony, and, [illegible] of a general tab[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

post, many engaged to come and work, while another party [illegible] him that he [illegible] not feel the want of wheat, for that they would supply him. Governor [illegible] he could [illegible] the sympathy and kindness [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Cook. [illegible]

[illegible] already and [illegible]

pounds from one of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company and [illegible] which [illegible]

[illegible] in the [illegible] arrived [illegible] the [illegible] people were [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Mr Hunter has since married again.

[illegible]

[illegible] to make [illegible] for himself.

Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] dependant on the [illegible]

[illegible] is the mother [illegible] he probably [illegible] and on his [illegible] stopped him with some elementary [illegible] to improve himself. His [illegible] further knowledge was quickened [illegible] can be [illegible] the [illegible] from Mr. Budd or Mr. Hunter [illegible] of eternal truth and [illegible] them to those around.

[illegible] poor people to hear of Christ and His [illegible] that on these occasions they gave [illegible] party after another came into [illegible] when some retired to [illegible] took their places, [illegible] the day was spent in telling and [illegible] the Word of God; and on one occasion [illegible] kept up for [illegible] night. His [illegible] still increased; and in 1846 he [illegible] to the [illegible] put himself under [illegible] the same year baptized [illegible] and two children [illegible]

At [illegible] Mr. Hunter had also baptized [illegible] Indian [illegible] history [illegible] parallel with that we have just related. His heathen name was [illegible] he [illegible] and a leader among his people. But there was something in him that attracted the attention and awakened the interest of Mr. Mac[illegible] of the past, and [illegible] that He [illegible] Mr. Budd [illegible] Mr. Mackenzie [illegible] took [illegible] to [illegible] There he remained for some months.

---

* Piebald, [illegible]

under the instruction of a Wesleyan Missionary, and returning to Lac la Ronge spoke to others of the things he had himself received.

Anxious for further instruction, and for admission into the fold of Christ, he and his wife went to Cumberland early in 1846, and were, as we have said, baptized by Mr. Hunter, receiving the names of Abraham and Sarah.

The spirit of inquiry among the Lac la Ronge Indians was not confined to the two cases we have mentioned; others had visited the Mission Station, but could not remain long enough to gain much knowledge; and Mr. Hunter had already, in 1845, sent thither Jean Beardy, one of his own Indians, to help them forward as far as he could.

Beardy found twenty families ready at once to embrace Christianity. He became so much interested in his work as to determine to remain there through the winter. Though but a beginner in the school of Christ, he diligently laboured to teach them all he knew himself, aiming, to use his own words, to make them feel that they were sinners and had broken God's holy law, and that stood in need of the salvation which God has provided for us in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ.

* One of the converts was a man who, with his wife, set off in the summer of 1844, in a canoe, taking with them the two daughters of one of their friends, who were to be left behind at the school. Before they had gone much above half way, the frost set in and the rivers were impassable. Nothing daunted, they pitched their tent where they were, supported themselves and their young companions as best they could during the winter, and as soon as the rivers were again open pursued their voyage.

He daily taught and prayed with any that were within reach, and on Sundays met them in the large room at the fort, which was kindly lent to him for the purpose, and which was always completely filled.

In 1846 Mr. Hunter sent Mr. James Settee* as catechist to the premier station, and provided, as Mr. Budd had been in 1840, with flour, pemican, clothes, tools, and everything he was likely to want till the following spring. He set out early in June, and in about three weeks arrived at his destination.

He found the people in a promising state, as he had expected; but soon after his arrival he experienced a severe trial in the death of many of the converts from measles—five men and twelve women, besides several children, were thus carried off, and it was a grief both to themselves and their teachers that they had had no opportunity of being received into the visible Church of Christ. That many, if not all, were living members of His mystical body, there is every reason to hope; all had forsaken their heathen practices, regularly attended every means of grace, and were in the habit of daily family prayer; and many of them, with their dying lips, declared their simple reliance on the Lord Jesus, often using such expressions as these—"I love my Lord and my Saviour, and I will praise Him while I have breath."

In the summer of 1847 Mr. Hunter himself visited the new station, and one or two incidents that occurred on the way are worth mentioning. One of the men

* Mr. Settee had, like Mr. Budd, been one of Mr. Wrigley's pupils in the Indian School at Red River; but now, he was farming both the land of the Lord there, and was now sent forth to be another proof of the value of native agency.

on meeting with Kinnakahpoo, chief of the Rat River, and his wife, who were on their way to Cumberland anxious to be received into the Church of Christ. Mr. Hunter had a good deal of conversation with them, and finding them well instructed in the chief truths of our holy faith, he baptized them both on the banks of the river. A few days after he met with two other canoes full of Indians, also on their way to Cumberland, but as their knowledge was far below that of Kinnakahpoo and his wife, he persuaded them to turn back, and accompany him for further instruction.

When he reached the lake he proceeded to a small dwelling which Mr. Settee had built for himself, under a lofty rocky promontory, on the opposite bank to the Company's fort. A number of Indians had pitched their tents round the fort, and as soon as they espied Mr. Hunter's boat, they came paddling their canoes across the water, and welcomed him with an overflowing joy that almost overcame him.

He found a school already established, at which thirty boys and twenty-three girls received daily instruction, and on Sundays the adults who attended raised the number to sixty-eight.

The day after his arrival he examined the candidates for baptism, and found them sufficiently well instructed to allow of his baptizing forty-eight adults and fifty-nine children on the following Sunday. Besides these several had been previously baptized at Cumberland, fifty or sixty more were candidates for the sacred rite, and not one but a then now remained among the Indians of Lac la Ronge.

One of the men who was at this time baptized by Mr. Hunter, and who had received the name of John Vernon, died soon after. He was ready for the summons, and often said to his wife, "Prepare your mind, my wife. I

[illegible] I am looking [illegible] the time when my Saviour will call for me. [illegible] I am ready for Him who has loved me and [illegible] for me, and on whom I [illegible] pray to Him [illegible] in the day of His appearing.

When Mr. [illegible] appointed to [illegible] Range, [illegible] Company [illegible] further in the [illegible] from whence Mr. Hunter had received [illegible] applications for a teacher.

When [illegible] arrived there he found that two Roman Catholic priests were in the neighbourhood, and that some of the poor people, desirous of obtaining a [illegible] of what they called "the French religion," and [illegible] to remain in heathenism, had been baptized by them. The priests had, after their baptism, [illegible] them [illegible] the same kind of [illegible] we have spoken of before, and instead of giving them instructions from the Word of God, had distributed among them a paper [illegible] with the names of patriarchs and apostles, representation of heaven, earth, [illegible] the [illegible] Temple, &c., the principal object being a straight road leading to heaven, intended to represent the Roman Catholic religion, with branch road marked "Pretended Reformation," [illegible] leading, of course, to a very different place.[1]

---

[1] The [illegible] of course, but [illegible] the distance [illegible] as the wind [illegible] and hills often double the apparent length of [illegible] which can only be judged of by the time it occupies.

[illegible] reader compare this with the heathen [illegible] mentioned in the last chapter, [illegible]

Some of the Indians had, however, resisted all the endeavours of the priests, ignorant as they were they must have felt that these outward things could not save their souls, and they had still wanted for an English teacher. Several even of those who had been baptized had, soon after, of their own accord, thrown away crucifixes, and were anxious to receive instruction.

Distant at Île de la Crosse and Lac la Ronge were the seeds of instruction had spread still further, and in 1848 our Cumberland missionary received a message from a chief named Tête de Roche, near Fort Chipewyan, in the Athabasca country, said to be a thousand miles from Île de la Crosse, speaking of his own and his people's willingness to put themselves under the Roman Catholic priests and earnestly requesting a teacher, but hitherto there have been no means of complying with the request.

The influence of the Cumberland Indians was not felt only in the adjacent places, several of the inquirers who visited the Pas were from nearer parts of the country. Some were from among the Nippewyans, a tribe important, not only on account of its own number, but as being in continual communication with the Crees and still more numerous tribe, called the "Plain Indians." Others came from Moose Lake, a secluded spot, two days' distance from the Pas, where the officer in charge of the Company's post had a care for the souls of the Indians round him, and added his own instructions to the information they had obtained from their companions on the hunting ground.

Mr. Hunter several times visited this place, and in

his different journeys and opportunities of seeing more of the Indian idolatry and superstition than he had before witnessed.* But our limits forbid us to linger here; and we must only add, with regard to Moose Lake, that several of the Indians who frequent it have been baptized, and that it is considered so promising a field, that [illegible] steps have been taken to make it a permanent station.

MOOSE FACTORY.

[illegible]

We have taken a new motto for the concluding part of this chapter, for it will contain a history very different from those we have already related, and will afford

---

* On one of [illegible] he passed a [illegible] stone, round which the Indians [illegible] smoked their pipes as an act of adoration, and presented their offerings of tobacco, beads, or broken earthenware, and pushed them into holes with which the stone was perforated. [illegible] He also observed in the more frequented parts [illegible] made of long poles driven into the ground, [illegible] fastened [illegible] about it. [illegible] adored it as they passed, but Mr Hunter could not learn that it was intended for any particular deity. More than once he passed them in their tent while the ceremony was going on. One of these was to ensure an abundant supply of [illegible] occasion, decked out in as much finery as they could procure, their faces painted red, and with red feathers in their hair, [illegible] men and children, with frightful yells and [illegible] would dance round and round the [illegible] and then [illegible] provisions that had been stored up for the purpose.

another proof that though a Paul should plant, or an Apollos water, it remaineth with God alone to give the increase.

The Rev. A. and Mrs. Cowley arrived from England in the autumn of 1841, and, early in the summer of 1842, they proceeded to what had for some time appeared a promising station on the shore of the Lake Manitoba. The Lake lies to the north west of the Red River, and the spot proposed now to be occupied is about three hundred miles from that settlement. It is partly accessible by land, and Mr. and Mrs. Cowley performed most of the journey in the rude carts of the country, carrying with them, as usual, provisions for the next twelve months, and a little live stock for the commencement of a mission farm. After a very fatiguing journey they arrived at the spot, and were delighted with the landscape all around. Before them was the Lake, stretched out in quiet grandeur, to the rays, as in a glassy mirror, the scene around. The shore were bordered with a belt of pasturage, and beyond lay what seemed interminable woods of oak and poplar, while the numerous fish that sported in the clear waters, and the birds that skimmed along their surface, gave life and animation to the whole.

Far different was the moral prospect. The Indians that frequented the neighbourhood were of the Saulteaux tribe, and we have before spoken of the ferocity of their character, and their impatience of control, even on the banks of the Red River; and here, where the silver trumpet of the Gospel had never yet been sounded, they were still more wild and untamed.

* Page 84, 100, 5c.

A [illegible] travellers and Mr [illegible] with the [illegible] and he had [illegible] with him [illegible] of a mere substantive [illegible]

[illegible] quite [illegible] the other [illegible] the Gil [illegible] Mr [illegible]

[illegible] of the Mr [illegible] and [illegible] Indian [illegible] at a [illegible] of the Indian [illegible]

A [illegible] Mr [illegible] and Mr [illegible] appeared from the neighbourhood of the Red River. [illegible] to the [illegible] Mr [illegible]

[illegible] and went to [illegible] and painted [illegible] with [illegible] placed between the tenth and [illegible] perpendicularly [illegible] the [illegible] who [illegible] and [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] that he might

[illegible] He had recently done [illegible] over [illegible] till the [illegible] when he [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] so [illegible] [illegible] he remembered that [illegible] had [illegible] time, and [illegible] [illegible]

Is not this an example of untiring perseverance worthy of a better cause?

From the time of their first [illegible] among them, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke felt nothing undone to win these people to the truth. Their small house was open to them by night as well as by day, for conversation or for shelter or for food; they never sent them away, but on more than one occasion submitted to the dirty and disorderly [illegible] of their visitors for two or three days together.

The people [illegible] disposed to listen to the Gospel there on the spot, generally attended at the daily family devotions, and [illegible] would, if possible, return to the Sunday [illegible].

While near they would also [illegible] and their children to the school, but seldom, after a little [illegible], would [illegible] take their children with them and not return for a month.

Mr. Cooke's journal, though [illegible] in their [illegible], do not afford much material for our purpose. A portrayal of blighted hope and disappointed expectation, though borne with constancy and patience and [illegible] on the promises of God, would not be interesting to [illegible] and [illegible] hold therefore only touch on a few points that may come to the reader's mind at the sight of Manitoba.

The outward trial and privation of our Mr. [illegible] were not perhaps greater than those of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter at Cumberland, and they were borne with equal cheerfulness, but their souls were not chosen within

them at the little effect produced by the preaching of the Gospel.

Occasionally Mr. Cowley's hopes were raised by one and another coming to ask what he must do to be saved, but all were as a morning cloud, and melted away before the next temptation. This was particularly the case on the occasion of 1845. Many had appeared more zealous and seemed to feel more interest than they had previously done in the truth of the Gospel. One man in particular, who went by the name of Robert, gave up his medicine bag and his heathen ways, and declared his intention to become a Christian. But just before the Christmas of that year a trader arrived with a large quantity of rum, which he offered to the Indians in exchange for furs, or for anything else they possessed. They eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity, every thing they had was parted with to obtain it, and the scene of intoxication and riot that went on for two or three days baffle all description. Not one escaped the snare, even Robert fell into it and so never recovered, or, at least, never showed any signs of grace in him.

Had the poor creatures exercised only their reason, they could have been fitted with the contrast their own conduct at the time presented to that of two Indians from Red River who happened just now to be at the station. These old men were Christians, but the grace of God had long since taken possession of their hearts, and they were among the very best of their tribe. They had with them, settled at the Indian Village, their home for some of the Christians hunting ground near the Manitoba Lake, and had now come down to enjoy the Christmas festivities. They remained some little time with Mr. Cowley, receiving

the Lord's Supper, attending Divine worship regularly in their own morning and evening devotions, and resisting every temptation, while their quiet bearing, and their happy peaceful countenances, gave additional proof of the Spirit that dwelt within.

Year after year rolled away. Mr. and Mrs. Cowley had fixed their permanent abode at a place called Partridge Crop; the word was preached "in season and out of season," but still there was no sign of conversion. Civilisation was however beginning to make some progress; eight hard cottages were to be seen beneath the shade of a gigantic oak, near the margin of the lake, each with its patch of ground, one with its field of wheat and barley, while the owner of another was the owner of several head of cattle. The schools, too, went on well, and it often rejoiced our Missionaries' drooping hearts to see their little ones neatly and comfortably clad in the garment they had given them, sitting round the room reading the word of God, or joining with their sweet voices in some simple hymn.

Occasionally, too, some little incident would occur to encourage hope; once, for instance, when Mr. Cowley was, as usual, taking advantage of the periodical absences of the Indians to go to some distant spot, he visited a chief called Kakepa, who was for a while encamped at a place forty or fifty miles from Partridge Crop. On his arrival, he was, to his surprise, shown into a new tent neatly lined with branchwood and with a supply of logs for fuel, and he found it had been prepared for him, because, as the people said, he would want to pray, and their tents were too dirty for the purpose.

A gratifying proof was also given to our Missionary that his unwearied efforts were not wholly unapproved

[illegible] when, in 1875, [illegible] whether the [illegible] Indians, [illegible] him earnestly request [illegible] them [illegible] though they [illegible] to have [illegible] had their children to be [illegible] praying people [illegible] but if [illegible] tell us? We [illegible] people instead of having [illegible] heathen. What [illegible] the Christian Church [illegible] this time?"

[illegible] Mr. C[illegible] till he could [illegible] of the [illegible] Committee on [illegible] that his [illegible] to these people that almost [illegible] the [illegible] thankful [illegible] from [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] remain in [illegible] there [illegible] taking [illegible] through the Spirit of God [illegible] But [illegible] the Manitoba [illegible] to the [illegible] concluding our account with an extract [illegible] of Mr. Cowley's letter.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XII

MISSIONS OF THE BISHOP OF SUPERIOR LAND

We are ready to preach the Gospel unto you also. — *Rom.* xv. 23.

This was the appropriate text chosen by the first Bishop of Rupert's Land for the first sermon he preached to his new diocese at York Fort, on August 19th, 1849.

The appointment of a Bishop to the vast territory became an important incident in the history of our Mission, there that we shall not be slow to enter rather at large upon the subject.

Our Missionaries had long felt the importance of having among them a chief pastor, to whom they might look for counsel and encouragement, whose presence would consecrate the work they had begun, and under whom a native ministry might be raised up to carry the Gospel into the untrodden regions. And we can well understand the anxiety they would feel that whenever the choice should be exercised, the appointment should fall on one who knew all hearts and possessed the unerring tactic of Christ, and the divine of whose heart could therefore tell that they should be "preached among the Gentiles."

We may then suppose how great was their thankfulness to hear that, in the good providence of God, Dr. Anderson had been selected for the office, and to know that no one could have been chosen more fitted to encounter the difficulties of a newly-formed diocese, more competent to guide the studies of a future native ministry, more calculated to revive the drooping heart of the Missionary, or to keep alive and quicken the spirit of vital religion.

The consecration took place on May 29, 1849, in the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, and on June the 7th the Bishop, with his sister and his three sons, embarked at Gravesend on board the Prince Rupert, accompanied by the Rev. R. and Mrs. Hunt, and Mr. Chapman.

They had a prosperous voyage, and found much to engage their attention in the new and strange sights that met them on their way. Some of these are so graphically described in a letter from the Bishop to his young friends in England, that we shall make a few extracts from it:—

"Surely 'they that go down to the sea in ships, see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep!' We saw them not in the gale or storm, for we were mercifully spared from anything of the kind; but we saw enough of the icebergs to realise the chief danger of the Arctic Sea. I cannot describe to you their figures or infinitely-varied appearances. Some are like churches, others like castles with towers, many like animals; in some you see the arches of bridges, with the water rolling beneath; while the smaller pieces floating about are like the frosted ornamental vases that are seen at home.

"Some were of the purest white, the surface generally of dead white, the effect of the snow; the lower part had a beautiful tint when they approached the sea, either from the action of the water, or from the clearness of the ice showing the colour of the sea. Their height was very various; many rose above the top-

mast; and one, which was not much higher than the rest, was 150 feet. And when the effect was heightened by a bright sunshine, and each piece and mass was reflected in the water, we gazed for a time to see whether the whole were not an illusion.

"I might also dwell on the tokens of God's goodness in the enjoyment which seems to fill the tenants of the sea: they seem to sport and play about in the very ecstasy of being; whether the whale sending up the column of water into the air; or the seals and porpoises crowding round the vessel; or the little stormy petrel following close behind, and picking up fragments; or the white polar bear, scarcely to be distinguished from the masses of ice by its side—all these we saw in their turn, and they reminded us how 'God openeth His hand, and satisfieth the desires of every living thing.' We felt that the sea was a world in itself: in every part of it bearing witness to God, and that, though we cannot hear the voice, there is a tribute of praise ever ascending from it, that the ice, and frost, and snow, as well as the expanse of the calm and quiet sea, praise the Lord and reflect His glory."—*Psal.* cxlviii. 8.

The Bishop also makes special mention of the beautiful Aurora Borealis, "shooting up in streams of brilliant light, and covering the whole of the zenith."*

One day in particular is spoken of as of surpassing beauty. They lay becalmed among the ice in Hudson's Straits, a few icebergs were in the distance, and much field-ice about, large pieces of which occasionally floated past the ship. One of the party writes,—

"It was Sunday; all around was calm and still as a smooth lake, and we were forcibly reminded of the sea of glass men-

* God has not left Himself without witness even in these inhospitable regions. The beauty and grandeur of the deep forests, the broad rivers, the foaming cataracts, the glorious firmament, and though last, not least, the mysterious Northern Lights, testify that our common Father cared for His "red" children, before the Sun of Righteousness arose upon them, and the Gospel began to "cheer the shivering natives' dull abode."

noticed in the Revelation. The sun was bright, the sky lovely, and clouds, sun, and sky, all and everything were reflected in the clear water. It seemed as if there were two heavens; and, perhaps, none of us had ever seen or imagined so lovely a sight on earth."

As they proceeded into the bay they found the cold severe, and on one occasion were "*fast*" in the ice for some hours; but they were soon free again, and shaping their course towards the south, anchored off York Fort on Thursday, August 16th.

Before they left the ship, the Bishop once more assembled the companions of his voyage to join with him in prayer and praise; and standing on the deck beneath the open canopy of heaven, they united in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," then knelt down to pray, and the Bishop pronounced the blessing.

It was with varied emotions that the little party first set foot on this distant shore, adopting it, as it were, for their present home, and the probable scene of the "unknown to-morrow" of so many of their future years.

The chief factor at York Fort received the Bishop with every mark of respect and kindness, and it was an additional gratification to him to hear him speak of the Missionaries who had been previously sent: he had seen and known them all, and assured the Bishop that better men could not have been selected for the purpose, dwelling more especially on Mr. West and Mr. Cockran.

The Bishop soon gave token of the spirit in which he had entered on his new diocese, and the next Saturday we find him visiting the tents of some Indians in the neighbourhood. About eighteen collected round him, and attentively listened while himself and his chaplain (Mr. Hunt) spoke to them, through an interpreter, the

words of peace and salvation. Many were deeply affected, and expressed their sorrow that their forefathers had known nothing of the true God.

The Bishop commenced his public ministrations in his new diocese on the Sunday after his arrival (August 19), when divine service was held in the large hall of the Fort, all the Company's servants and about fifty Indians being present.

The text chosen by this truly missionary Bishop for his first address was, as we have already said, from 2 Cor. x. 14: and aware that many of the Indians would know enough of English to understand much of what he said, and that they would probably talk over with their friends what they might hear, he addressed part of his sermon especially to them, setting before them the Gospel, and telling them it was chiefly to *them* and their countrymen that he had been sent thus far "in preaching the Gospel of Christ."*

"So manifestly," we are told, "did his heart yearn over them that, gradually and unconsciously, he moved from behind the desk on which his Bible lay, and, with extended arms, advanced towards that part of the room where they were sitting, his voice meanwhile becoming tremulously expressive of the anxious Christian affection which possessed his heart."

In the afternoon of the same day his lordship, with some of his party, again visited one of the Indian tents. As they approached they heard singing, and discovered, to their surprise, that it was a hymn in Cree, set to the tune of the Old Hundredth Psalm. When they entered the tent, they found a fire of wood kindled, and the ground covered with leaves and small boughs to keep their feet from the grass. One or two boxes had been

* See text at head of chapter.

provided for seats, and about forty Indians placed themselves round them on the ground.

The Bishop and his chaplain had an animated and pleasant conversation with them, and were much struck with the good effect evidently produced by the distant missionary stations. None of these people were Christians, but they had acquired a partial knowledge of the truths of holy Scripture, partly from the annual visits of Christian Indians from the Red River, but chiefly from the Wesleyan missionaries at Norway House, from whom they had learned several Cree hymns and English tunes. They had some idea of sin, and some feeling of the need of a Saviour; they frequently talked together on religious subjects, were in the habit of praying and singing hymns every morning and evening, and most urgent for further instruction; and the Bishop could not help agreeing with them that "it did seem *very hard* to leave them without a teacher;" but there was no remedy, for none could be spared.

Before they left the tent they taught them the prayer of the Publican, and another short prayer for the Holy Spirit, to whose immediate teaching they commended them in the almost total absence of all human means.

During the Bishop's stay at York Fort four Indians applied for baptism. Two of them resided on the spot. They were half-brothers; and it appeared that one of them, who went by the name of John, had, four years before, visited Norway House, where he heard the Gospel preached by one of the Wesleyan missionaries. Anxious to know more, he procured a copy of the Cree alphabet, of which he soon made himself master; he then obtained a Catechism in the same language, which, with indefatigable perseverance and by embracing every

opportunity* of help from others, he learnt to read. He communicated his knowledge to his brother Joseph, whose heart was also touched, and they were now both of them candidates for admission into the visible Church.

The other two were also brothers; they came from Fort Churchill, 180 miles to the north of York Fort, and had, it seems, long ago received religious instruction from one of the Company's officers, Mr. Harding.† His departure, four years before, had deprived the Churchill Indians of all opportunity of instruction, but these two brothers could not be satisfied without learning more. They found that some Christian Indians from Norway House went annually with the boats to York Fort, and they had, every year since Mr. Harding's departure, come down to meet them there and to get what information they could from them. They were only able to have two or three days of intercourse with them on each occasion; yet so well had they improved these short opportunities, and so much had their own conversation and prayer with each other been blessed, that they were now also considered fit to be baptized.

As we might suppose, "the knowledge of all the four was confined to a few fundamental articles of our faith, but their religious experience appeared by no means so scanty, their hearts and consciences seemed to have been divinely taught, and that with so little external help that their attainments were the more remarkable."

* What a striking contrast does this, and similar instances which we have mentioned, present to the state of these forts as depicted in our first chapter! Praised be God!

† These were but rare, as the alphabet and Catechism were in peculiar characters, invented by the late Mr. Evans, a Wesleyan missionary.

They were baptized by the Bishop himself on the following Sunday, August 26, in the afternoon service, in the presence of a large congregation, the majority of whom were Indians.

His lordship, in relating these circumstances, adds:—

"They all came afterwards to our family prayers, and you would have been much pleased with their devout demeanour; they are, as far as we can see, very humble, and anxious to be guided into the way of salvation. We are very sorry to leave them, but shall not cease to pray for them as our first-fruits here. Among those present at the baptisms was Henry Prince, the son of Pigwys, who has come here with the Red River boats, I was delighted with him. There are three other Christians also here from the Indian Village, and they quite astonish me as to their manner and intelligence, and also (though I have not yet had so much opportunity of testing it) as to their knowledge of the word of God. Let me say here, that what I have seen of the Indians, as yet, exceeds my expectations."*

The Bishop and his party remained ten days at York Fort, and after a favourable passage up Port Nelson River to Norway House, and thence along Lake Winnipeg, arrived at the Red River on Wednesday, October 3.

After stopping for a few hours at the Indian Village,

* During his stay at York Fort the Bishop met the Indians every evening for reading and prayer. Besides those from the Indian Village, there were fifteen from Norway House, and a satisfactory testimony was borne to these men by five or six English sailors, who were returning from Sir John Richardson's last unsuccessful expedition, and who had been their companions from that place. They spoke of them as one of the best behaved and happiest boat's crew they had ever met with; they never omitted their morning and evening prayer and singing, and formed, they said, the greatest possible contrast to the awful cursing and swearing of the Canadian Roman Catholic voyageurs.

where they were delighted with the appearance of comfort all around, and where "the little church, the school-house, and the parsonage, looked almost like an English village," they proceeded to the Lower Fort,* where comfortable rooms had been provided for them by the Hudson's Bay Company.

They had intended to remain there through the winter, but the death of Mr. Macullum† altered their plans, and induced the Bishop to remove with his family to the Upper Settlement, where his anxiety for the education of the native youths led him to undertake for a time the superintendence of the school.

The first church at which the Bishop preached was the old one at the Rapids, on the Sunday after his arrival.

"It was densely crowded, and many were outside at the doors and windows endeavouring to see and hear. I preached again from the same text as at York Fort, wishing to place it before them as the text that dwelt most on my own mind in meeting them for the first time. In remembrance of the many mercies we had experienced by land and sea, I invited them to the Lord's

---

* The Lower Fort is on the river side, four or five miles below the Rapids, and eight or nine above the Indian Village.

† The death of this good man took place just as the Bishop was entering the Red River, at sunrise, on October 3. He had been ordained by the Bishop of Montreal in 1844; but failure of health obliged him to relinquish ministerial work, and to confine himself to tuition. He was at the head of a school at the Upper Settlement for the sons of the officers of the Company, where all his energies were devoted to the mental and spiritual improvement of his pupils. He was a man of ability and solid piety, and his loss was deeply felt in the colony. His anxious desire had been to be permitted to see the Bishop, but this was withheld from him, and his lordship's first appearance at the Upper Church was to attend his remains to their resting-place.

Supper on the following Sunday, and although it was not one of their usual periods for the administration of the Sacrament, I was not a little delighted to find no less than 167 communicants, and this in a church which would not hold above 300. The appearance of the congregation is very devotional; they respond well, they sing with heart and soul. The first burst of music, when they all joined in the psalm of praise, quite upset and overpowered me; indeed I have not heard any sound sweeter to my ear since I left England. The more I have seen of this congregation and its pastor, the more I like them."

The people had been very anxious that their new church should have been ready before his lordship's arrival, but with all their efforts they could not get it completed till the middle of December.

"The 19th," writes the Bishop, "was fixed on for the consecration. The morning was very sharp and cold, and we had to start betimes to accomplish the distance (fourteen miles) in time. The sight on the river was a very pretty one, and if it could have been witnessed by friends at home, it would have been very gratifying to them. We were quite a cavalcade—twelve carioles, one after another, from this part of the settlement (the Upper); and as we went on many more fell into the line. At times the sun shone brightly on the pure surface of the snow, and caused a dazzling reflexion, while the whole effect was heightened by the pleasing sound of bells on many of the horses. The church was extremely well filled before the commencement of the service; every one was interested, and I cannot describe my own personal feelings; my gratification, at witnessing such a sight—the Indian and the Briton uniting in dedicating a fresh temple to the living God,—and my thankfulness for being permitted to take any part in this good work. I cannot reflect without self-abasement on the toil and labours which others have endured in laying the foundation of the Church of Christ in this land, while I have at once so much enjoyment in reaping the fruit of their self-denial, of their days and years of constant hardships. May God bless and guide me in raising the superstructure: may He enable me in His mercy to strengthen and consolidate the whole!"

The next Sunday, December 23, the Bishop ordained Mr. Chapman, when, many having come from the other congregations, there was a still larger assemblage than on the preceding Wednesday. The Bishop had given notice of the Lord's Supper, and to his surprise 250 responded to the invitation.

"All drew near in the most devout and reverent manner; I saw the lips of many moving in secret prayer, and several of them were in tears. It was indeed a day of joy, the first Sabbath and the first communion in that church,* and the ordination of another minister of God's word."

On Christmas Day the Bishop officiated at the Indian church. Circumstances had prevented his doing so before, but, as he told the people, there could not have been a more suitable day for his first addressing them than that on which we hail the glad tidings of great joy in the birth of a Redeemer. He had gone down to the village on the preceding afternoon, to be ready for the services of the morrow, and our readers will like to hear his own account of this Christmas Eve:—

"The ride from the Lower Fort to the Indian church is the prettiest in the settlement, and the day was bright and beautiful, so that I saw it to advantage. The greater part of the way you drive through the woods, till you suddenly come on the river at a small island, where it widens and forms a large sheet of water almost like a lake,† between the island and the Indian church. The flag was hoisted before the houses of Mr. Smithurst and the Chief Pigwys in honour of my arrival. In the afternoon I visited the chief, and conversed with him for some time; and finding that his grandson was to be baptized the next day, I promised to do this myself. In the evening, according to good old English customs, Mr. Smithurst distributed meat and vege-

* The name of St. Andrew's had been fixed on by the people for their church before the arrival of the Bishop.

† Or crescent bay; see page 83.

tables among the poor: every widow six pounds of beef and a quarter of a bushel of turnips. We then had service in the church, as it is always Mr. Smithurst's custom to have a short service on the evening before the administration of the Lord's Supper.

"The following morning the weather had changed, a very high wind, with a severe and drifting snow-storm; but we found no empty seats in church, above 250 assembled to celebrate the birth of their Saviour; and out of these, 86 joined together to commemorate His dying love at His holy table.

"There is a remarkable stillness in the Indian church during divine service, and great reverence of manner; and we noticed here, as we had done at the Rapids, that many were in tears while kneeling to communicate.

"I preached in the morning from Luke, ii. 15. In the afternoon the first part of the service was read by Mr. Hunt in English, the remainder in Cree by Mr. Smithurst. I baptized the grandson of the chief, the child of his *eldest Christian son;* after which there was a short sermon in Cree read by the schoolmaster, who had translated it from one in Jowett's 'Christian Visitor.' This is found to be generally a better plan than the words of the clergyman being translated, sentence by sentence, by an interpreter. The singing was remarkably good, and the people seemed to enjoy it; they have been taught by Mr. Smithurst, and since Mr. Hunt's arrival he has kindly assisted. We had the usual Christmas hymns, 'While Shepherds,' 'High let us swell,' and 'Hark, the herald angels sing;' and at the conclusion, the Evening Hymn to Tallis's beautiful melody. I could not restrain the expression of my pleasure after all was finished, and told them how much I had enjoyed the services of the day, and how delighted I was to find that they could join in such a way in the praises of our Heavenly Father."

The next morning, before the Bishop left the village, the chief called to present him with a calumet of peace: it was a very pretty one, with an ornamental handle, and the mouthpiece was made of the celebrated red stone mentioned by Catlin.

We shall conclude this chapter with a few notices of

the general state of the Missions on the Red River up to June 1850.

The Bishop had examined several of the schools supported by the Church Missionary Society, and was much pleased with them, and mentions the universal excellence of the writing and accuracy of spelling; but we have no farther particulars of any except the principal one at the Rapids, where we are told that "while the knowledge of sacred things takes precedence of all other, the boys of the first class are almost masters of the maps and globes, and have made good progress in English history."

On the 10th of January, 1850, a Missionary Meeting was held, and a Church Missionary Association for Rupert's Land was organised: sermons were also preached in the different churches. The Governor made a munificent donation of 50*l.*, and the congregations contributed largely, considering their circumstances; viz. 29*l.* 9*s.* in money, and wheat, barley, and cloth, to the amount of nearly 50*l.* in addition.

In May, 1850, the Bishop held a confirmation, when nearly four hundred persons renewed their baptismal vows.

Mr. Chapman had, upon his ordination in December 1849, been appointed to the Middle Church, and Mr. James was by this arrangement enabled to devote his whole time and energies to the Rapids. Writing in June 1850, he says:—

"You will not expect to hear of the conversion of heathen in my district, for though there are still numbers all around us, there is not one remaining within its limits. I frequently, however, meet with some, and have close conversation with them. They are generally Saulteaux, and their prevailing sentiment may be expressed in the words of one of them to whom I lately

spoke,—'We like our ways as much as you do yours.' On my telling him that on my knees I daily prayed that the Holy Spirit might convert them all from darkness to light, he angrily replied, 'We shall be what we are.' But among our Christian people the work of the Holy Spirit has been deepened, and the life of Jesus more manifested. Especially among our adult youths, I trace a decision and seriousness which calls forth the thankfulness and joy of my heart. 140 were confirmed last May; and the number of communicants (though I have lately thought it right to exclude a few) amounts to 211, all of whom I believe adorn their professions, and walk in newness of life. Our spacious church is not far from full, and Sabbath desecration is a thing I never witness."

We must add a word or two from our former friend, Mr. Cockran:—

"We do indeed rejoice in our excellent Bishop. He is truly a missionary in all his feelings and operations, and his heart burns with ardent zeal to spread the Gospel among the benighted Indians. He has consecrated the Rapids Church, ordained Mr. Chapman, and held four confirmations* in this settlement, in which he has confirmed about 100 persons. These, with the 800 confirmed by the Bishop of Montreal in 1844, make a band of 1200 confirmed Christians among us. At these four stations we have above 400 communicants. In the burying-ground at the Upper Church lie the bodies of 425 persons, many of whom departed this life in the faith, and fear, and love of God, and are now before His throne, and serve Him day and night in His temple. Thus you see we have a Church triumphant in Heaven, as well as a Church militant on earth. We may well ask, 'What shall we render unto the Lord for all the blessings He has bestowed upon us?' 'He hath done great things for us, whereof we rejoice.'"

On June 6, 1850, the Bishop left the Red River on a visit to Cumberland Pas, where his presence had been most anxiously desired by Mr. Hunter and his Indians.

He was accompanied by the Rev. R. and Mrs. Hunt,

* This is exclusive of one at Cumberland station.

who had, it will be remembered, come out with him in the Prince Rupert, and who had been appointed to the remote district of English River.

They came in sight of the Pas on Saturday evening, June 29th, just as the sun was setting; "at the very moment," the Bishop writes, "that I would have chosen for my arrival, and for my first view of the spire of this pretty church."

"This pretty church" is as yet a stranger to our readers, though they will remember that Mr. Hunter had long ago fixed on a site for it on the bank of the river opposite to his own house.

The Indians had been willing to help, and contributed labour and materials to a considerable amount; but, although they had learnt enough of carpenter's work to build their own log-houses, there was no one competent to undertake the erection of so large a building as a church. Mr. Hunter devoted much thought and time and labour to the subject, but all would have been of little avail, had it not been for one of those providential circumstances, which so often occur, but which we are sometimes so slow to acknowledge.

Some of the English sailors attached to Sir John Richardson's last and, alas! fruitless expedition, had been sent forward to be in readiness to start with him, and were, during the winter of 1847–48, located at Cumberland Fort, a day and a half distance from the Pas. One of the men was a carpenter, and he readily and kindly gave Mr. Hunter all the assistance in his power while he remained in the neighbourhood. The church progressed considerably under his directions, and when he went away, Mr. Hunter was able to procure another carpenter from Norway House.

At last the church was completed.* It stands in a neatly-fenced burying-ground, and is surrounded by several Indian dwellings; the parsonage stands among other cottages on the opposite bank, and the whole is striking and picturesque.

During his short sojourn here, the Bishop consecrated this church by the name of Christ's Church; he also examined and confirmed a hundred and ten candidates,† with whose "intelligent and experimental knowledge of our most holy faith," he expressed himself as having been much surprised. He also arranged with Mr. Hunter that a steady and consistent Christian Indian, named John Humphilde, should be sent to Moose Lake, as the commencement of a permanent station there.

We do not attempt any further account of the Bishop's visit to Cumberland Pas, because, though his lordship speaks of the station as far exceeding his expectations, and as likely to form the centre of widely-extended missionary operations, he has given us the hope of receiving an account of it from his own pen.

We shall therefore only say, that leaving Mr. and Mrs. Hunter greatly refreshed and encouraged by his kind and seasonable visit, he set out on his return home on Monday, July 8, taking with him Mr. Budd, with his eldest son, and the eldest son of Mr. Settee; the two latter to be placed in the seminary, and the former to study under the Bishop's own eye, with a view to his future ordination.

* See engraving in "Church Missionary Intelligencer" for December, 1850.

† Two of these were Abraham and Paul from Lac la Ronge. See pp. 164, 165.

CHAPTER XIII.

BISHOP'S VISIT TO CUMBERLAND — MR. AND MRS. HUNT'S JOURNEY TO LAC LA RONGE — RECENT INTELLIGENCE.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Eccles.* xi. 1.

Our chief object throughout this little volume has been to lay before the friends of Missions as intelligent and connected a view as we could, of the work of God in this interesting field, not only that they may be led to glorify the power of His grace, but also that they may be able the better to follow up its future history, as it will be recorded in the periodical publications* of the Church Missionary Society.

For this reason we are unwilling to leave the subject without giving, as far as possible, the actual present state of the whole Mission; some of the present chapter will, therefore, be occupied in a kind of summary of the different stations; and we must crave the indulgence of our readers if, on this account, they find it more unconnected and less interesting than some of the preceding ones.

Before, however, we enter upon this, we must give some account of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, and their progress

* "Church Missionary Intelligencer," "Record" "Gleaner," and "Juvenile Instructor," all published monthly, and in the Annual Report.

to their newly-assigned district of English River,* in the far north-west; and that we may do so the more satisfactorily, we will return to the time of their departure from the Red River.

They had remained during the winter and spring of 1849–50 at the Lower Fort; Mr. Hunt rendering valuable help to Mr. James at the Rapids, Mrs. Hunt assisting in the education of some young women, and both of them diligently engaged in learning the language. They had much enjoyed these nine months of retirement and Christian intercourse; but the rivers were now open, and they would not delay their departure.

Their friends at the Red River had left nothing undone that affectionate anxiety could suggest, to lessen the annoyances of the voyage, or to remove some of the difficulties of their first settling.

A large boat had been prepared for their personal accommodation, with an awning of oilskin to shelter them from rain or heat. They were well supplied with the usually provided stores for such occasions. A few articles of necessary furniture, tools, locks, hinges, window-frames, glass, &c. formed part of their cargo; to which were added provisions for themselves and their crews for the two months' voyage; clothes, flour, pemican, and all other articles of food for themselves for the next fifteen months; besides blankets, warm clothing, and flour, for the destitute Indians by whom they would be surrounded.

The numerous presents they received were very gratifying to them; among other things, the congregation at

* The district of English River is computed to be 600 miles in length and 400 in breadth, covering a larger portion of the earth's surface than England, Scotland, and Ireland united. It includes the stations of Lac la Ronge and Ile de la Crosse.

the Rapids presented them with 50 cwt. of flour for distribution among the Indians, promising them the same supply annually till they should be able to raise it for themselves. One poor woman sent them a couple of fowls, another two dozen of eggs, a young girl brought a pair of Indian shoes, while one man begged their acceptance of a *basket of salt*, which, strange as the present would seem to us, was no inconsiderable gift, where English salt is rare and expensive, and is sold at 16*s*. the bushel.

It was a lovely day, when, on the 6th of June, their friends pressed round them on the river-side to bid them farewell, and to wish them every blessing; and they entered the canoe which was to bear them into the distant wilderness, far away from every English friend and from all civilised society. The parting could not be otherwise than solemn and affecting, as, with feelings of deep emotion, they turned to take a last look at friends and scenes endeared to them by many happy hours. But it was no look of lingering regret or of sorrowful misgiving; they had counted the cost, they felt they were called to that distant sphere, they knew they should find a people whose hearts the Lord had prepared, and they rejoiced "that they were counted worthy to suffer" trials "for His name."

It was a great comfort to them to have the company of the Bishop for the first half of the way; his cheerfulness and ever-ready kindness encouraged their spirits and beguiled many a weary hour, and as long as they were with him, they felt they had not parted from every friend.

We shall not attempt any description of their route to Norway House, but cannot quite pass by one little

incident, which must have served in some degree to initiate our Missionaries into their future wilderness life. As they were passing up Lake Winnipeg a violent thunderstorm obliged them to run the boats into a little bay, where they landed, pitched their tents, and remained a few hours, till the weather allowed them to proceed. While there, an infant was brought to be baptized. Where its parents came from, or how they happened to be on the spot at the time, we are not told; probably some Christian Indians, on their way from one or other of the Company's posts, had seen the boats of our travellers, and finding there was a "praying-master" among them, availed themselves of the unexpected opportunity.

Be this as it may, the whole scene was wild and peculiar. Sabina, a female servant whom Mrs. Hunt had brought with her from Red River, held a bason filled with water, which served as a font; one of the men held an umbrella over Mr. Hunt to shade him from the sun, which had gleamed out with scorching heat; the father, mother, and godparents of the child presented it for baptism; the crews of the boats gathered round; and there in the open air, on the shores of that mighty lake, with its pine-clad islands and its picturesque rocks, the little Indian "Catherine" was received into the fold of Christ's church, and was signed "with the sign of the Cross, in token that," wherever her future lot should be cast, "she should not be ashamed to confess Christ crucified."

The party were much refreshed by a quiet Sunday they passed at Norway House; and then, setting out again, they crossed the Lake and soon entered the Saskatchewan River. Their next Sunday was spent at the

"Great Falls" upon this river, when, spreading the sails of their boats between two trees, they had divine service under the welcome shade. Their own crews, and some Red River Indians who happened to be there, made quite a congregation; and here, in the midst of wood and water, they enjoyed our beautiful Liturgy.*

As we have mentioned in the preceding chapter, they arrived, in company with the Bishop, at Cumberland Pas on Saturday, June 29, and found their short visit there very refreshing after the fatigues of the last three weeks.

It must have been almost like leaving home again when they quitted the Pas, and left behind them the last spot of civilisation and Christian society. But they well knew that,

> "Of the brooks upon the way
> We may taste, but not delay;
> Nor must our high emprize be for love of such forsworn."†

And so, after two days of rest and pleasant intercourse, they bade adieu to their kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter; and, strengthened and encouraged by the earnest, affectionate prayers of their "dear and valued Bishop," set out again on the 1st or 2d of July, accompanied by Abraham and Paul, and kindly supplied by Mr. Hunter with a stock of fresh provisions for the way.

And now began the most difficult and trying portion of the voyage. Except on Sundays, when Mr. Hunt insisted on resting for the whole day, they generally

* The Missionaries in their solitary stations often speak of the great comfort they find in our Liturgy, linking them, as it were, with so many of God's people in distant lands.

† From an unpublished poem by the late Dr. Arnold.

started at three o'clock in the morning, and seldom stopped till seven or eight in the evening. As they advanced into the interior, the country became more rocky and mountainous, and, consequently, the "portages" were more frequent and the rowing more difficult. At every rapid the heavy-laden boats were to be unloaded and loaded again; and, even when thus emptied, it required skill and indefatigable labour to drag them up the stream, and through the foaming waters, over rocks and beds of shingle, or to carry them along the steep and rocky banks. Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had to scramble over stones and stumps of trees, or to make their way through the thickly-woven underwood, till they could join the boat again.

To a lady, the hardships experienced must have been very great; but Mrs. Hunt, like the rest of the sister-band of Missionaries in Rupert's Land, was largely endued with that true feminine courage, which, though it will not invite toil, or hardship, or suffering, yet does not shrink from them when they come, and meets them with cheerful, uncomplaining, "high-enduring strength."

Nothing strikes an English person more than the loneliness of these wilds. Our travellers passed many days without seeing a human being, save their own boats' crew; and often, during the long hours they passed sitting at the stern of their little vessel, nothing was heard to break the deep silence except the song of some unknown bird, the sound of the rippling waters, or the measured splash of oars.

Thus passed days and weeks; they had left the Pas on the 1st or 2d of July, and it was now the 26th. The river Saskatchewan had long been left behind, and

for more than a fortnight they had been ascending one of its tributary streams. They had arrived at the Frog Portage, where, quitting the stream altogether, the boats and their cargoes were dragged over rough and rugged ground for half-a-quarter of a mile to the Rapid River; and they were now within one short day's journey of the Company's post, and not quite two from the place of their destination. Here it had been arranged that Indians from Lac la Ronge should meet them with canoes, and convey them the remainder of the way; but they were much disappointed to find, on their arrival at the appointed spot, that the people, tired of waiting, had all gone back, except three men with one small canoe.

What was to be done? The boats' crews who had brought them hitherto, worn out and dispirited with the length and difficulties of the way, refused to go further, and nothing remained but for Mr. Hunt to get into the Lac la Ronge canoe, and proceed to the Fort to endeavour to obtain assistance. There was no room in it for Mrs. Hunt or her maid, and although it required some little faith and courage, she cheerfully consented to remain behind in the boat till Mr. Hunt's return, which could not be till the middle of the following day. Situated as she was, alone among so many Indians, we can well understand that the present of a moose-chop from one of the crew was no unwelcome token of good-will; and, commending herself and Sabina to the care of Him, "who never slumbereth nor sleepeth," they both "laid them down in peace, and rose again, for the Lord sustained them."

At four o'clock in the morning they were summoned to leave the boat, and walking some little distance to a tent that was pitched for them, where they enjoyed a

refreshing beverage of wild gooseberries boiled in water, they quietly awaited the return of Mr. Hunt.

He brought back the required help, and before nightfall they reached the eastern shore of Lac la Ronge, where they found a kind and hospitable welcome from Mr. Lewis, the gentleman in charge of the Company's post there. The next day was Sunday, and Mr. Hunt was glad of the opportunity of holding divine service. On Monday, July 29, they left the fort early, and crossing the lake, arrived at Mr. Settee's dwelling in the course of the afternoon, "our clothes and provisions," writes our Missionary, "nearly in the same condition as those the Gibeonites brought with them to Joshua; but here we are, and most heartily we thank God for it." Two rooms had been prepared for themselves and their servant, and here they were to pass the eight months of the ensuing winter.

Their first impressions on arriving at the lake were anything but favourable as to its fitness for a permanent residence. Nothing was to be seen but rocks and water, except that here and there a little soil had drifted into the chasms, and afforded a precarious nourishment to a few trees. At one part the granite rocks had once been covered with herbage; but twelve years before, a prairie fire had swept over them, and no trace of vegetation now remained.

As they approached the Missionary station, however, the aspect of things rather improved. Mr. Settee had succeeded in finding a spot where the granite rock had given place to a cold, damp clay, covered in some places with vegetable mould to the depth of five or six inches. It was thick with underwood, among which were found the wild gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry, and cran-

berry. Many pines, poplars, and birches, grew there also; and Mr. Hunt was encouraged to hope, that by clearing and draining, the land might eventually be made capable of cultivation. This would, however, require a long time and much labour; and till then they must depend for their supplies of flour, potatoes, &c., on the settlement at Red River.* Of animal food they were likely, during great part of the year, to find a good supply on the spot. The moose-deer are often plentiful in the neighbourhood; ducks and geese may also be procured; and, in their season, there would be pheasants and grouse

At the time of our Missionaries' arrival there were not more than ten Indians at the place; but they hoped soon to see a larger number assembled from their distant grounds.

The appearance of the children was very miserable, and excited the compassion of Mrs. Hunt; but as her last letter was written only on the day after her arrival, she had not then been able to form any definite plan. A schoolroom had been begun, but was not finished, there being no parchment at hand for the windows; and for some time past, Mr. Settee had been so entirely occupied in his other duties, that the school had been suspended.

The temporal condition of the poor Indians in this wilderness seems to be most wretched, and their sufferings during the winter are sometimes fearful. Mr. Hunt relates the cases of no fewer than seventeen individuals whom Mr. Settee had, during the preceding winter of

* Should cultivation prove impracticable, the station will, probably, be removed to Green Lake, another of the outposts of Ile de la Crosse, and a more promising spot.

1849–50, been the means of saving from destruction, and from becoming a prey to the hungry wolves that roam throughout these howling wastes. Some particulars of these will interest our readers:—

"On January 26, 1850, an Indian arrived at Mr. Settee's in a state of almost starvation. Food was given him, and, while eagerly eating it, he fell backward from exhaustion, and was only just able to say that he had 'thrown away' his family,—meaning, that he had left them so worn out with cold and hunger that they could go no further. Abraham happened to be just then at the station, and with his characteristic zeal and energy set out in search of them, though the only traces he had of them were the footsteps of the man on the moss and snow. He walked all that night, all the next day, and following night. The cold was severe, the walking in the snow fatiguing; but he would not give up the search. At last he found them—a woman, two young men, and three children—huddled together in the snow, but still alive. He lighted a fire, made broth of some fish he had brought with him, and carefully fed them with this till they were sufficiently revived to return with him."

A fortnight later, another family—Henry Bear, his wife, and child—arrived at the missionary dwelling. They were wasted with cold and hunger, having eaten nothing for seven days;* but by kind and judicious treatment their lives were preserved, though the infant continued very unhealthy.

Before the month of February had closed, two half-famished women made their appearance, and stated that their husbands and three children were perishing in the snow from want of food. An Indian, who was suffering greatly from a wound in his neck, set off in search of them, and after five days brought them all safely to this house of mercy.

* The Indians have great power of abstinence, and it is said that some have been known to fast for ten days together.

Mr. Hunt adds,—

"One more tale of pity for the Dorcases of our Society. Among the children whom I found here, boarded, clothed, and educated at the Society's expense, are four, whose history I must relate.

"One day, Mr. Settee saw a canoe on the lake, drifting towards the station; it was nearly filled with water, and a young child was attempting to paddle it with a stick. As he watched it, three other little heads appeared. He went to it as it neared the shore, and recognised the children whose mother he had buried not long before. He found from them that their father had taken them ashore, and after striking a light and giving it to the eldest, laid down, as they supposed, to sleep. But he slept so long that they were frightened: they called to him, but he did not answer; they pushed him, but he did not stir; so they got into the boat and came away. Mr. Settee went immediately in search of the poor man, and found him dead upon the shore. He buried the body, and took the children to his own house."

More widely separated as Mr. and Mrs. Hunt are from all civilised and social intercourse than any of their fellow-labourers, they seem to claim our peculiar sympathy and interest.* Roughly estimated, their distance from Cumberland is above 400 miles, and not less than 800 from Red River; yet if they have the presence of their God and Saviour abiding in their hearts, and if they are permitted to form another oasis

* If any friends are disposed to assist this station, or any other in Rupert's Land, by presents of warm clothing for the people, or of articles for the use of the schools and for rewards, they will be most thankfully received; and, if sent to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, by the middle of May, will be forwarded by the ships of the same season. Those sent to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt will not, however, probably reach them for fourteen months, as they will have to remain during the winter at Norway House.

of Christianity and civilisation in that moral desert, they will not feel the loneliness of their position, but will rejoice in Him who maketh "the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."

Before we leave the neighbourhood of Lac la Ronge, we must recall to our readers the still more distant station of Ile de la Crosse,* to which, they will remember, James Beardy proceeded, when his place at Lac la Ronge was supplied by Mr. Settee. We have not any very recent particulars from it; the last we have heard of it was a visit Mr. Settee paid in the winter of 1849–50. There were at that time not many Indians there, but the few he saw were in a very promising state of mind.

An interesting incident occurred on his journey thither. Observing a great smoke at some little distance, he made towards the spot, and found one man and four women, with several children, sitting on the ground in great grief. They were mourning over the loss of a brother, to whom they were strongly attached, and seemed inconsolable. Mr. Settee spoke to them of Him who is "the Resurrection and the Life;" and their softened hearts were so interested that they begged him to remain with them a little while and tell them more. He did so: the rest of the day and the greatest part of the night were passed in telling them of Him who came into the world to save sinners; and when he left them on the following morning to pursue his journey, they promised to await his return at the same spot. On his way back, a fortnight after, he found them still there. He again remained a day and a night with them, and taught them the Lord's Prayer and two hymns. They

* Ten days' journey beyond Lac la Ronge.

seemed seriously impressed, and declared their intention of relinquishing their heathen practices, of no longer worshipping wood and stone, and of coming to his school.

We hope the next accounts will tell us more of these poor people.

We must now return to the Bishop and Mr. Budd, whom we left on their way from Cumberland to the Red River.

Mr. Budd remained for several months at the Upper Settlement, pursuing his studies under the kind care of the Bishop, and winning the approbation and affection of the Missionaries and the people, till, on December 22, after a strict and very satisfactory examination, he was admitted to holy orders.

Mr. Chapman and Mr. Taylor, the latter of whom had lately arrived, were ordained priests at the same time; and, under date of January 1851, the Bishop, speaking of this ordination, writes:—

"December 22d will long be remembered by us all, and also the Missionary Meeting of January 3d. The ordination, December 22d, was throughout a most solemn and impressive service. All the clergy were present, except Mr. Hunter and Mr. Hunt; Mr. Cowley having arrived the previous afternoon. Many were present from all the different congregations, and St. Andrew's church was filled to overflowing. The sight on the river was beautiful; there might have been two hundred carioles passing to the house of God. The number within the walls was about eleven hundred; and the number of communicants at the conclusion was nearly three hundred. All the clergy present took some part in the service. Mr. Budd read the Gospel, Matt. ix. 36; a very suitable one from his lips.

"I felt much the solemn responsibility and high privilege of ordaining the first native minister; and I believe all present shared in the feeling."

Our newly-ordained Missionary read prayers on Christ-

mas Day for the first time, and preached in Indian in the afternoon, from the words, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us;" and in consequence of the urgent request of the people at the Rapids, he preached there also in Indian on Monday, December 30. There were at least five hundred persons present, and, as most of the people there are either Indians or half-breeds, he was well understood. Among them were many Indians from the neighbourhood, who still reject the Gospel; they appeared absorbed in what they heard, and kept their eyes steadily fixed on Mr. Budd. One of his hearers was his own mother; her countenance expressing every emotion which might be supposed to fill the heart of a Christian Indian mother at thus witnessing her son as the first "ambassador for Christ" from among her own people. Mr. James adds,—"I listened and gazed, and thanked God for what I saw and heard."

Mr. Budd preached also at the Indian Village, and at the Upper Settlement; and so strong was the feeling towards him on the part of his fellow Indians throughout the colony, that it was difficult to convince them that his sphere of duty lay far distant. Those of the Middle Church district, when they found he must leave them, agreed together to promise him assistance in his new station, wherever it might be; and engaged, as soon as the spring was sufficiently advanced, to send him eighty bushels of corn, sixty yards of printed cloth, and 3*l.* or 4*l.* in money. "This was not only a delightful proof of their good feeling, but will prove a substantial help to him."

On January 6, 1851, he left the Red River, proceeding to Partridge Crop in company with Mr. Cowley, from whence he was to travel the rest of the way on

foot to Cumberland, to remain for the present with Mr. Hunter, and soon, it was hoped, to form a permanent settlement at Moose Lake. The Bishop speaks of him with affectionate kindness, and with earnest desires for the fulness of the Divine blessing upon him and upon his work.

May he indeed follow him whose honoured name he bears, as he has followed Christ! But we must not forget that, as the first clergyman of the Church of England from among his own countrymen, he will be exposed to peculiar temptations, and will especially need the prayers of the people of God, that Satan may not get an advantage over him.

And now, shortly to sum up the present state of our Mission in Rupert's Land.

The Bishop, beloved and respected by all, resides at the Upper Settlement, where, in addition to his other duties, he interests himself in the education of the youths in the seminary; intending, if so permitted in the providence of God, at some future time to establish a college where young men may be prepared for ordination. Mr. Cockran is also at the Upper Settlement, as chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company; still active, energetic, and with a heart as devoted as ever to the work of his Lord and Saviour.

The Middle Church is prospering under the charge of Mr. Chapman; and Mr. James still lives in the hearts of his people at the Rapids, though the state of Mrs. James's health will, it is feared, oblige them soon to pay a visit to England.

Mr. Smithurst remains at the Indian Village; a slight cloud, that for a moment hung over some of the people there, has passed away, and all again is bright.

Mr. Cowley continues at Manitoba Lake, his health a good deal shaken; but labouring among the still indifferent Indians with the same unwearying love and unmurmuring patience that have always marked his course. His hands have been lately strengthened by the accession of a valuable assistant in Mr. Charles Pratt, a contemporary at the Indian School of Mr. Budd and Mr. Setter, like them a pure Indian, and giving the same promise of future usefulness.

A new station is about to be commenced at Moose Fort,* at the head of James's Bay; and the Bishop, in speaking of the many promising openings for Missionary stations, enumerates the following:—York Fort, including Churchill; Fort Alexander, on the River Winnipeg; Fort Pelley, near the Lake; and Swan River, between Manitoba and Cumberland; besides several new outstations from Cumberland and Lac la Ronge; and Fort Chippewyan in the Athabasca country.

We must pause here, earnestly to lay before our readers the responsibility that lies upon us all, as members of a Church that holds the pure faith of the Gospel, not only of doing all that in us lies to supply the wants of this and our every other mission, but more especially of cultivating an *habitual* spirit of prayer, that "the Lord of the harvest would send forth labourers into His harvest."

The passage of Scripture at the head of this chapter gives us every encouragement; let us turn to it and recall the events of the last thirty years.

Looking back to the time when the Prince of Dark-

* This must not be mistaken for Moose *Lake*, near Cumberland.

ness held undisputed sway over this whole land, when no ray of light had as yet penetrated an Indian wigwam; and, recalling the first faint gleams that shone round the path of our earliest Missionary, let us contrast with this the present state of things.

It was in September 1820, that Mr. West taught Henry Budd, his first Indian boy, that short and simple prayer—"Great Father, teach me, for Jesus Christ's sake;" and in December 1850, Henry Budd is ordained as a herald of salvation to his countrymen.

On October 4, 1820, the Missionary lifted up his solitary voice, in a room at the Upper Fort, to proclaim publicly, for the first time in Rupert's Land, the glad tidings of great joy for all people. In December 1850, we have seven * stations with eight ordained clergymen of the Church of England (at five of which suitable and substantial churches have been built): at two † other places, native catechists are in charge; and a tenth ‡ position is about to be occupied; while over the whole is placed a chief pastor, whose earnest desire it is to feed and guide the several flocks according to the word of God.§

When we look at the extent of Rupert's Land, we

* Viz. Upper and Middle Churches, Rapids, Indian Village, Cumberland, Manitoba, and Lac la Ronge, and churches at the five first.

† Moose Lake and Ile de la Crosse.

‡ Moose Fort.

§ Nor would we omit the labours of other Societies who entered the field later than our own. The Wesleyans have for many years been very active in the neighbourhood of Norway and Oxford House, and the Americans are still on the west of the Rocky Mountains pursuing their work of love, while the blessing of God rests on the labours of both.

sadly feel how little all this is compared with what is needed; yet surely we may ask—"Has not the bread cast upon the waters been found after many days?"

We must now bring our history to a conclusion, but not till we have introduced a few words from one of the Bishop's letters to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society:—

"Let me, writes his Lordship, "assure your noble President and the Committee that the labours of the Church Missionary Society are most gratefully acknowledged here. All in the settlement feel that they are what they are, as regards their religious hopes and privileges, through your gratuitous exertions. They are sensible, and painfully so, that they can do little to repay you; but they know that you look to something higher and nobler, even to a rich harvest of souls, rescued from the power of Satan through the preaching of the everlasting Gospel. Let me beg, very affectionately, your earnest and continued prayers, that a more abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit may attend the preaching of the Word of Truth, through the length and breadth of this mighty land."

And now, what remains but to bless God who has thus planted the bow of His everlasting covenant in those dark regions? May it still spread onward, till the whole continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, be spanned by its glorious arch. And should it indeed be that darkness shall once again cover our older world, may these Western Churches retain their purity and light, until He come before whose brightness all reflected glory shall be dim: when clouds and darkness, sin and suffering, shall for ever flee away; and when the "city shall have no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God shall lighten it, and the Lamb shall be the light thereof!"

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

APPENDIX.

SINCE the foregoing pages were written, a private letter of a later date has been received from Mrs. Hunt, extracts from which have kindly been placed in our hands, and as we are sure they will interest our readers, we have decided to insert them in the form of an Appendix:—

"*Lac la Ronge Station,*
"*August* 19, 1850.

* * * "Let me tell you, in the first place, and tell it to the praise of our God, to whom all praise is due, that we are *very* comfortable indeed. I felt happy and comfortable at Red River, but I am more so here; and I am more and more convinced that when the Lord directs us to any place, He Himself goes with us, and prepares the way. Goodness and mercy follow us—would that we were more faithful to Him, and served Him better! I ardently long for this.

"As to our daily temporal mercies, they abound; and I do feel that, while the Lord is so watchful and tender over *us*, we should indeed give up our all for Him and His service. We arrived here, as you know, on July 29, three weeks ago, but are hardly yet settled. The station consists of our house, Mr. Settee's house, a school-room, and M'Cleod's house. A short distance from us are several huts where the Indians live, and round us is wood. In front, a very rough path leads down to the lake, and here the trees have been cut down. Mr. Hunt has had the ground drained, and we hope to have it planted in the spring.

"Mr. Settee has an enclosed piece of ground, where there are potatoes and a few turnips. M'Cleod has been making hay: there is plenty of grass near the lake in patches, and as we hope soon to have a cow, it is necessary to have hay made. Our house, which consists of two rooms, is really very comfortable. Sabina (the servant we brought with us from Red River) cooks, &c. in Mr. Settee's kitchen.

"We are very happy, and feel little, or not at all, the want of society: indeed, our time is so fully occupied that it is a great comfort not to be called away from our daily duties.

"Now for a little account of our doings.—Prayers in the school-room at seven o'clock. Mr. Hunt rings a bell a few minutes before to give notice, as our watches and dial are the only time pieces here. After prayers we have breakfast, which generally consists of cocoa, biscuits, and excellent fish, caught that same morning. After this, and a little time to myself for reading, I go to the school from nine o'clock to twelve. We dine at two, and in the afternoon are again busy till six, when I meet the *women* in the school-room, and teach them to read till seven, when we have evening prayers: and after this, we often have to speak to one or two, to whom we are giving medicine.

"This week Mr. Hunt is meeting the candidates for baptism. Mr. Settee is a good schoolmaster, and there are at present about twenty children in the school. I have been much occupied in cutting out and making clothes for them. I could not let them remain in the naked state they were in when we came here, while it was in my power to help it. The first week after our arrival we got a dozen clothed, as some frocks, which Miss Anderson (the Bishop's sister) had given me, were ready-made. The next week the same children had their second set of clothes made, and this week the others are being attended to. M'Cleod's wife, who is an Indian, works fast; and when the children had their new clothing, she washed them and cut their hair.

"It is a *great pleasure* to help them, but I greatly long to be able to speak to them in their own language, and tell them more fully of the love of Jesus. Although they are young, they are not too young to be made lambs in His fold: though ignorant, they are not too ignorant to be taught of the Spirit and led to

believe on Jesus. Will you not pray that God's Holy Spirit may indeed work in the midst of us, and that many may be savingly converted?

"There have been some marriages and some baptisms since we came. A little baby, that has long been ill, died this morning. The parents sent it to the school-room, as the Indians do not like to have a dead body near them; so there is no school to-day. It is the baby that was saved last winter with its father and mother, as was mentioned in Mr. Hunt's letter to the Committee.* May this event be of use to some here! The Indians are particularly fond of their children.

"We have made some raspberry jam, and preserved some suska, a fruit we never met with till we saw it here. The women go out and gather the fruit, and we pay them for it. They generally subsist on fruit during the season. The fish is remarkably good, and caught every morning and evening. How gracious is God, in these far-off parts where there are no shops, to provide for His people's wants as it were from His very own loving hand! If we want anything more than fish or fruit, or what we brought with us (bacon, ham, peas, flour, &c.), we send a man to kill a duck or a goose, or even to go out to hunt for us, and when he kills a moose deer we pay him the fixed price for it. Everything is paid for in goods, for which purpose we brought supplies of blankets, knives, cotton handkerchiefs, belts, tobacco, shawls, shirts, cloth, &c.

"On the Sunday we have prayers and lecture early; morning service begins at eleven o'clock; school at three o'clock. Mr. Hunt, Sabina, Mr. and Mrs. Settee, and myself teach. After school, Mr. Hunt addresses the children, and prays. There is also singing before and after school. Evening service at six o'clock, chiefly in English, as the morning service is in Cree.

"It is indeed pleasant work to be thus engaged; but how dead all would be without God's Spirit breathing upon us! Oh, that dead sinners may be converted, and living souls strengthened! The anxious inquiry before the Lord is, 'Has He not some among these dear people whom He has ordained to eternal life?' and, 'Will He not graciously send a word to

* Page 202.

such, and manifest them as His own, call them by His grace, and make them His! 'His people shall be willing in the day of His power.'

"If you were to see only the exterior of our house, you would think, 'What! and do they live there?' But if you could walk in, and especially were you to pass through the large room, and enter our own apartment, your tone would be changed, and you would be *compelled* to think, 'What *comfort*, and, I hope, *happiness*, dwell there!' It is about sixteen feet by twelve; the walls are plastered with mud, but look neat as if coloured drab. There are three small windows, one of which is parchment, but the blind is kept down over it. The other two are glazed, and have also white blinds. We have also mosquito curtains, which look pretty and nice; and several large buffalo-robes cover the floor. *

The following extract from a letter of the same date, from the Rev. R. Hunt, gives a farther insight into the present position of our Missionaries in this distant spot:—

"*Lac la Ronge*,
"*August* 19, 1850.

* * * "There are but few Indians at present here, but, as the winter approaches, we expect many more. We have now twenty individuals entirely dependent on us; among them are six orphans, and a widow with her two children: we hope to be able to support them by fish from the lake. We shall also be frequently obliged to support the Indians who visit the station, and it is, therefore, very important to increase our internal resources. In order to bring the land into cultivation, the heavy, wet clay, and the swampy, mossy ground, must be drained; the stony soil, covered with firs, must be cleared of stumps and stones; sand must be procured from a distance to lighten the clay; the rocky

* We must, however, so far qualify Mrs. Hunt's cheerful view of her present habitation, as to tell our readers that the two rooms of which the house consists are very low and not altogether water-tight!

margin of the lake must contribute its aquatic plants and its superfluous fish for manure; and by these means we hope in time to raise potatoes, oats, and barley, garden herbs, and hardy vegetables. As yet nothing has been planted, except two bushels of potatoes and a few turnips. This work will not only, we hope, supply some of our many wants, and render us by degrees less dependent upon external help, but will afford employment to the Indians.

"At present I am alternately blacksmith, carpenter, and plasterer. Out of doors, I am now in the drain, now at the fence; the axe, the spade, the hoe, and the hammer, are becoming equally familiar to me. Meanwhile the school is not neglected; and I am also engaged in instructing the Indians, and preparing some of them for baptism. In the winter, when all are assembled, I hope to have regular adult classes.

"Mr. and Mrs. Setter have done much and suffered much since their arrival; but if it is decided for us to remain here, the Bishop has promised to send us a carpenter from the Red River next summer, when we hope to have a house built, and we shall all be more comfortable."

In another letter, Mr. Hunt, after speaking of the destitute state of the Indians at Lac la Ronge, says:—

"For these, and others such as these, we want prompt aid, in the shape of articles for clothes. The coming long and cold winter will consume all we brought with us, and we are not certain that we can receive anything that may come out by the ships next May, before July 1852, unless we have an opportunity of sending to Lake Winnipeg some time in September 1851. We shall heartily thank God, and our dear friends who assisted us in 1849, and any others whom God may dispose to clothe our naked people, if they will kindly send to the Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, by the middle of next May, and any following year, such articles as those mentioned below, for the use of the English-River Mission:—

Blankets, small and large.
Strong warm flannels, white, *red*, or blue.
Stout washing prints.

Woollen shawls.
Stout unbleached calico.
Strong, coarse woollen cloth, for coats, &c. (Stroud's).
Strong striped cotton for men's shirts, blue or pink.
Strong common combs, for use after washing.
Needles, thimbles, and scissors.
Strong pocket knives.
Fire steels and gun flints.
Twine for fishing nets, Nos. 4, 6, and 10.
Large cod fish hooks.
Any useful article of clothing for man, woman, or child.

"'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

LONDON
PRINTED BY G. BARCLAY, CASTLE ST. LEICESTER SQ

The Serpent in the Wilderness. By the Rev. William Tate, Author of "Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews." 18mo. 2s. cloth.

A Sevenfold Aspect of Popery. By the Rev. GEORGE FISK, Author of "A Pastor's Memorial." Foolscap. 4s. cloth.

The Morning of Joy: A Sequel to "The Night of Weeping." By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Fifteenth Thousand. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

Heavenly Thoughts for Morning Hours. Selections in Prose and Verse, with Passages from Scripture. With a Short Introduction, by Lady CATHARINE LONG. 32mo. 4s. 6d. silk.

A Memoir of Lady Colquhoun, of Luss. By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Third Edition. 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Du Bourg; or, the Mercuriale: an Episode from History on the Points at Issue between the Reformation and the Papacy. By M. A. S. BARBER. Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Saved Soul's Work described in Three Discourses. By the Rev. DAVID C. A. AGNEW. 18mo. 1s. cloth limp.

An Examination of the Doctrine of Scripture concerning the Resurrection, the Second Coming of Christ, and the Millennium. By the Rev. WALTER WOOD, A.M., Elie. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

God in Disease; or, Proofs of Design manifested in Morbid Phenomena. By JAMES F. DUNCAN, M.D., Dublin. Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Pencillings in Palestine; being Scenes descriptive of the Holy Land and other Countries in the East, written during a Visit in 1850. By the Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, Helensburgh. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

A Memoir of the Rev. Spencer Thornton, A.M. late Vicar of Wendover, Bucks. By the Rev. W. R. FREMANTLE. Crown 8vo. Second Edition, enlarged. 5s. cloth.

Lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association, at Exeter Hall, during the Winter of 1850-51. Foolscap. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Lectures for 1851, delivered before the Church of England Young Men's Society, at Freemason's Hall. Foolscap. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Ellen Mordaunt; or, the effects of True Religion. Foolscap. 5s. cloth.

The Apocalypse interpreted in the Light of the Day of the Lord. By the Rev. JAMES KELLY. Vols. I. and II. 12mo. 6s. each, cloth.

The Church of Christ Portrayed. As to the peculiar Character of its Unity, Ordinances, Visibility, and Spirituality. By the Rev. C. I. YORKE, M.A., Rector of Shenfield. Foolscap 8vo. 4s. cloth.

Ears of the Spiritual Harvest; or, Narratives of Christian Life. Edited by CHARLOTTE D. GREVILLE. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

Tales and Sketches of Christian Life in different Lands and Ages. Foolscap. 5s. cloth.

The Expository Preacher; or, St. Matthew's Gospel Practically Expounded. By the Rev. CHARLES OVERTON. In Two Vols. Vol. I. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Norman Leslie: a Scottish Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By the Author of "Amy Harrington," &c. Foolscap 8vo. 6s. cloth.

The Flower of Spring; a Call to the Young from the Early Grave of his Eldest Daughter. By JOHN PEMBERTON PLUMTRE, Esq., M.P. Foolscap. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Retrospect; or, a Review of Providential Mercies, with Anecdotes of Various Characters, and an Address to Naval Officers. By the Rev. RICHARD MARKS. Twenty-first Edition. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

Life in Earnest. Six Lectures on Christian Activity and Ardour. By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Sixtieth Thousand. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

The Children of the Manse. By the Author of "Memoirs of Mrs. Mary Lundie Duncan." Foolscap 8vo. 6s. cloth.

The Night of Weeping; or, Words for the Suffering Family of God. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Thirtieth Thousand. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

The Mount of Olives. By the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, D.D. Fifty-fifth Thousand. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

The Believer's Guide to the Holy Communion. Translated from the French of M. Grandpierre, by the COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth, gilt edges.

A New and Simple Analysis of the Book of Revelation. With Expository Notes. By DELTA. Fcap. 8vo. 5s. cloth.

Letters, selected from the Correspondence of Miss Helen Plumptre, Author of "Scripture Stories." Second Edition. 12mo. 6s. cloth.

The Word of God, its Importance and Power. By the Hon. and Rev. H. MONTAGU VILLIERS, M.A. 12mo. 6s. cloth.

A Narrative of Iniquities and Barbarities practised at Rome in the Nineteenth Century. By RAFFAELLE CIOCCI. Fifth Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Faithful Friend; or, Two Conversations on Worldly Intercourse and Family Duties. By JOHN P. PLUMPTRE, Esq., M.P. Fifth Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Scripture Reader's Guide to the Devotional Use of the Holy Scriptures. By CAROLINE FRY. Fourteenth Edition. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

The Early Days of Faith and Love; or, the Soul arising to Newness of Life. By M. A. S. BARBER, author of "Redemption in Israel," &c. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

The Family of Bethany; or, Meditations on the Eleventh Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. By L. BONNET. Translated by the Rev. HUGH WHITE, Dublin. Twelfth Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

Sermons preached at the Chapels Royal of St. James's and Whitehall. By the Right and Rev. BAVERSTOCK NORTH, M.A. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

Ashton Cottage; or, the True Faith. A Sunday Tale. 18mo., with illustrations. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Prophetical Landmarks. Containing Data for helping to determine the Question of Christ's Premillennial Advent. By the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, Kelso. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Dwellings of Jacob; or, Household Ministrations for every Sabbath-day in the Year. By the Rev. JOSEPH BROWN, Dalkeith. Foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d. cloth.

Derry: a Tale of the Revolution. By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH. Eleventh Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

A Volume of Lectures. By the Hon. and Rev. LOWTHER BARRINGTON. 12mo. 4s. cloth.

Pool's Annotations on the Bible. In three vols. imperial 8vo. £3 3s. cloth.

Incomplete Conversions; or, "One Thing Thou Lackest." By a PROTESTANT FRENCH MAGISTRATE. Translated from the Original. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

Memoir of Elizabeth Lindsay. By CHARLOTTE D. GREVILLE. With a Recommendatory Preface by the Rev. JAMES HAMILTON, F.L.S. Second Edition. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cloth.

The Sailor's Hope for Himself and the Nation. By a NAVAL OFFICER. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

Amy Harrington; or, a Sister's Love. By the Author of "The Curate of Linwood." Foolscap 8vo. 6s. cloth.

Israel and the Gentiles. Contributions to the History of the Jews from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Dr. ISAAC DA COSTA, of Amsterdam. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Redemption Drawing Nigh: a Defence of the Premillennial Advent. By the Rev. ANDREW A. BONAR of Collace. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Mountains of the Bible: their Scenes and their Lessons. By the Rev. JOHN M'FARLANE, LL.D. Second Edition. Post 8vo. 6s. cloth.

The Mystery of Providence; or, the Prophetic History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., Rector of Kelshall, Herts. Foolscap. 6s. cloth.

Memoirs of the Rev. R. C. Whalley, D.D., late Rector of Chelwood. Illustrated by Select Letters and Sermons. By John S. Harford, Esq., D.C.L. Foolscap 8vo. 5s.

A Commentary on Leviticus, Expository and Practical. With Critical Notes. By the Rev. Andrew Bonar. Second Edition. Post 8vo., with Illustrations. 8s. 6d. cloth.

The Young Professor; being the Substance of Eight Lectures delivered to the Candidates for Confirmation, at St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 1846. By the Hon. and Rev. H. Montagu Villiers, M.A. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

Sorrow and Consolation; or, the Gospel preached under the Cross. From the French of J. H. Grandpierre, D.D. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

A Volume of Plain and Practical Sermons. By the Rev. T. Howard, Rector of Ballaugh, Isle of Man. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

The Blessedness of the Righteous. By John Howe, M.A. A New Edition, Revised. 12mo. 4s. cloth.

Aids to Prophetic Inquiry. By B. W. Newton. 12mo. First Series, 3s 6d.; Second Series 2s. 6d., cloth limp; Third Series, 4s. cloth.

The Hill of Zion; or, the First and Last Things illustrative of the present Dispensation. By the Rev. Thomas Watson, M.A. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Song of Solomon, compared with other parts of Scripture. Foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.

The Lord's Supper Explained and Applied. By the Rev. Capel Molyneux. Foolscap 8vo. 1s. 6d. *cloth limp.*

Gospel Seeds; or, a Collection of Unpublished Pieces on the Revealed Truths of the Word of God. By Dr. CÆSAR MALAN. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

The Infant Brothers: Notices of the Lives and Death-beds of Abner and David Brown, two Infant Brothers, who were laid in one grave on the 18th January, 1834. Eighth Thousand, 18mo, 3s.

Innisfail; or, the Irish Scripture-reader. A Narrative of Facts. 18mo. 2s. 6d. half-bound.

A Discourse on the Evil Character of these our Times; proving them to be the "Perilous Times" of the "Last Days." By the late Rev. EDW. IRVING, A.M. A New Edition. With a Preface by the Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth.

Une Nuit dans les Larmes: Consolations adressées aux Enfans de Dieu affligés. Traduit de l'Anglais du Révérend HORATIUS BONAR. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Aunt Anne's History of England on Christian Principles; for the Young. 16mo., with Illustrations. 5s. cloth gilt.

The Decision of Ruth; an Example to the Young, especially to those who come forward as Candidates for Confirmation. By the Rev. GEORGE COLE. 18mo. 1s.

The Physiognomy of Diseases. By GEORGE CORFE, M.D., Resident Medical Officer of the Middlesex Hospital. 4to. 10s. 6d. cloth.

Twelve Sermons on the Liturgy of the Church of England; Plain, Practical, and Experimental. By the Rev. EDWARD WALWYN FOLEY, M.A. Second Edition. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cloth.

The Coming of the Lord to Judge the Earth, Doctrinally and Practically Considered. By the Rev. EDWARD GILSON, B.A., Bath. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth.

Protestant Thoughts in Rhyme. By the Hon. and Rev. BAPTIST W. NOEL, M.A. Royal 16mo. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. fancy boards.

The Restitution of all Things. By the Rev. W. W. Pym, M.A. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

The Scripture Readers' Guide to the Devotional Use of the Holy Scriptures. By Caroline Fry. Sixteenth Edition. 18mo. 2s. cloth.

Popular Objections to the Pre-Millennial Advent and to the Study of Prophetic Scriptures Considered. By George Ogilvy, Esq., of Cove. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 4s. cloth.

Sermons by the Rev. Edward Lillingston, M.A., Incumbent of St. George's, Edgbaston, Birmingham. 12mo. 3s. cloth.

The Cottager's Guide to the New Testament; that is, the Life and Doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ plainly set forth. In six vols., 12mo. Cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

A Volume of Sacred Poetry. By James Edmeston, Author of "Hymns for the Chamber of Sickness." Foolscap 8vo. 5s. cloth.

The Village Rectory; or, Truth in Fiction. By the Rev. R. W. Dibdin, M.A. Foolscap 8vo. With Illustrations. 5s.

Twenty-two Sermons, with an accompanying Prayer to each, intended for Reading in Families and Sick Rooms. By the Rev. Richard Marks. 12mo. 5s. cloth.

Baskets of Fragments; or, Notes from Sermons preached by the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Creaton. Edited by Miss Plumtre. Seventh Edition. 12mo. 6s. 6d. cloth.

WARDEN AND WHITFIELD, 24 CITY ROAD, AND 27 PATERNOSTER ROW.